# Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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## Maine Farmer.

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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man


### Wasting and Saving Apples.

It may be a little premature in the season, to call attention to the apple crops, now, but if the hints which we may give should be worth anything, they will be easily remembered—if not, they will be as easily forgotten. From present appearances we judge that the apple crop will be "from fair to middling," the ensuing autumn. But, be it what it may, scarce or abundant, we are prepared to see a great waste of the crops. Not that there will be any unusual extravagance of this sort, more than there is every year; but is there not more of this, every season, than there need be? Is there any crop, where apples grow with the common care, which, by the way, is very little indeed, that is so carelessly and lavishly wasted among us as the apple crop? Let us begin with it as soon as the apple gets, say half grown. At this time, a great many fall off prematurely, some on account of lack of nourishment from the parent limb, it not being able to support so many as it has upon it, and therefore some of them are starved off. Some of them are beaten off by high winds, which occasionally lash the exposed limbs about furiously. More of them, however, are caused to fall on account of the apple worm (*Carpocapsa Pomonella*, or *codling moth*) which is eating at the core, until it destroys the organs, or vessels that draw and receive sap from the parent stalk, and it falls from exhaustion. In all of these cases, there is a waste of the crop, or, at any rate, a great diminution of the crop which first started. Perhaps it will be impossible to prevent all of this waste. Indeed, some think it is a kind provision of Nature, by which the lack of attention on the part of the cultivator is obviated, and she therefore substitutes this kind of "thinning out," in order that those apples which remain should be larger, fairer and better.

We doubt this hypothesis. If nature were disposed to be so kind and indulgent to us, it seems that it would be more like superior and provident wisdom, not to start so many, and preserve what did start for us untouched by blight or worm. In the windfalls on account of the worm, there is often a double waste, for these apples, nine times in ten, are suffered to lie on the ground, and the worm thus remains unmolested until it arrives to maturity and lays the egg, or makes provision for an increased progeny to depredate upon the crop the next year. Would it not be a saving, either to pick them up and give them to your hogs, or to turn hogs among them and let them pick them up themselves?

Another great waste of the crop is their making no use of many that do come to maturity, and are gathered. They are not used for any purpose, but either become rotten, or frozen, or both, and are then tossed out upon the dung-heap, or somewhere else, and that is the end of them. Perhaps you will say, oh well, I did lose a few bushels so, but they were of no great consequence. Just count up the few bushels that every individual in the apple region loses in this way, and think it of no consequence, and in the aggregate it would amount to an enormous pile every year.

But there is another waste, more reprehensible than this, and that is the careless, hasty manner in which apples—our winter apples—are gathered and barrelled. Every bruise upon an apple becomes the commencing point of the rot. Every one knows this, and yet, through haste or carelessness at the time of gathering, but little attention is paid to it; but we hustle them together and pack them into barrels, and get them off, or put them away in the cellar until spring. Then it becomes necessary to overhaul them, and pick out those that are beginning to decay, and throw them aside.

That there should be some bruised under the most careful management is inevitable, but if you should examine carefully into the case and see the amounts thus ruined and wasted through sheer carelessness, you would find in all the cases that occur throughout *appledom*, another big pile wasted that a little care would have saved. We think that a fair calculation would prove that more than a third part of the apple crop, counting from the first windfalls, to the last that froze and rotted during winter and spring, is actually wasted.

In regard to the preserving of apples through the winter, and for transportation across the ocean, we will mention the successful use of plaster of paris as a substitute to pack them in. Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture for March, quotes an article from the London *Gardener's Chronicle*, as follows: "At the great exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society of London, in October last, a fine collection of apples was sent from Nova Scotia, which commanded the greatest admiration, and was pronounced the finest ever seen in Great Britain. * * * * Certainly, nothing like them had been previously seen at any public exhibition in this country."

The other day we received a similar box, packed in a manner that deserves to be known. A wooden box was filled with trays, each two feet long, eighteen inches wide, and five inches deep, divided by partitions into spaces four inches wide. These trays had a layer of *dry*, ground plaster strewed over the bottom; on this layer the apples were placed in a single row, more plaster was carefully filled in between the apples, and the whole was crowned with an inch of plaster, well shaken down, so that the fruit became immovable. Packed in Halifax on the 9th of January the box arrived in London on the 25th. Upon being opened the fruit was found to be in the most beautiful preservation, both as to appearance and quality. The plaster having been perfectly dry, no decay from moisture or fermentation was possible, and a soft brush removed it easily."

The editor thinks that such specimens arriving in London before Christmas, would bring a high price, as, says he, "our London can produce nothing like it." In addition to the remarks make by the editor, we will say that, although plaster is heavy and bulky, it is one of the best materials to pack apples in, which are to pass through a cold or hot climate, on account of its being one the best non-conductors of heat, and therefore keeps the apples at a more uniform temperature than anything else will.

In connection with this, it will be appropriate to mention a fact communicated to us by a gentleman of this city. He informs us that he preserved Porter apples, which you know are fall apples, until the last of February, and that to in good condition as to texture and flavor, merely by packing them in a barrel with the dry leaves of the tree on which they grew, and keeping them in a dry cellar. The above two facts in regard to preservation of apples are valuable and worth remembering and practicing.

### Cutting Grass for Hay.

Had enough of the subject, haven't you? Well, to be sure we have given you several articles bearing upon the hay-making and grass-cutting question, but you must remember it is one that allows a good deal to be said about it. It isn't to be put aside so easily, particularly about these times, when scythes and rakes are in demand. The scythes are not quite all beaten into swords yet, although too many have been thus transformed for the well-being of agriculture.

Now brother farmers, we are not going to attempt anything deep; we are not going into the science of the matter, dwelling upon and giving the analyses of the grasses, telling how much starch, gluten, or saccharine matter any particular plant contains—nothing of the kind; we are only going to have a little talk upon the subject, sensible, perhaps, practical we hope, and those who look for a scientific essay "won't see it."

A good many farmers think they must commence haying at about the same date each year—some the day after the Fourth of July, and others the next Monday after the Fourth. But as the grass crop is rather backward in a greater part of the State, it is probable that the 10th of July will be as early as the majority of the farmers will begin. We are aware that you have changed your ideas greatly, upon this question, during the last two decades, and we think, in fact we know, that you have changed for the better. You take the various circumstances connected with the matter, into consideration now, and they produce their due effect; but then, you followed the same practice, year after year, continuing in a sort of routine from which it was hard to become disengaged.

Now we know that the particular time for cutting any certain field of grass depends upon circumstances which we must take into consideration before proceeding to act. There is that field where the buttercup is in full blossom, making a waving, golden picture, framed in by the brown stone walls. Now if the field contains principally or almost wholly buttercups, it is evident that now is the time, and the best time, to cut it, as it will make a fair quality, and very bright, handsome hay, if it is secured without wetting. On the other hand, if there is a bottom or undergrowth of other grass, as red top, or herdsgrass, which has not yet attained its growth, it is plain that the better way would be to let the buttercup seed, and wait for the superior quality of grass to grow. So it is with the oxeye daisy, or "whitetop," with which many of our fields are overrun, and it must be cut when fairly in blossom, to make palatable fodder for stock.

We presume it is needless at this late day to advocate the superiority of early cut grass for stock-feeding; we think that is now a conceded point. If any are still in a doubting state, let them satisfy themselves by direct experiment. Let them feed their cattle with both kinds, the early cut, and late cut—that which was harvested before or when just in blossom, and that which was not cut until the seeds were fully formed, and we have no doubt but conviction would speedily follow.

Many of you differ in your methods of "making hay," or rather of drying the grass; but we think the most of you are beginning to understand that there can be too much of a good thing—that is, the grass can be dried or "made" too much. We all know that grass cut down and wilted, and put under cover and "made" under cover, is superior to that made in the burning sun; but such a course is not practicable except in a few cases where a small quantity is cut. But we may draw a valuable inference from the fact, which would seem to be, that the nearest we can come to that method, and perform the operation on a large scale, the better will be the quality of our hay. You have no doubt noticed, when you have cut a piece of new clover, and it has laid for a day, or a day and a half in the hot sun, that when you come to rake or pitch it, how dry and crispy it was, how easily the leaves cracked and broke off, and were lost; and the leaves are the most valuable part of the plant.

We believe in the sweating process in curing grass. It looks natural that some of the juices of the plant can thus be retained, perhaps in a changed form, which would be lost if the grass was continually exposed to the sun and air, and we think making in the cock should be resorted to so far as practicable. Clover should be cut when in blossom, and allowed to remain in the swath till the second day, then turned so that it may become thoroughly wilted, and put into small cocks and allowed to go through the sweating process until fully cured. Hay of this kind is sweet and nutritious, with a good flavor, and superior in many respects to that made in the old manner.

### A Chapter of Items.

A SMART GOBBLER. The *Massachusetts Plowman* mentions a gobbler which last year raised a brood of chickens from eggs furnished him, and this year he has raised twenty young turkeys, to the wants of which he administers in the most fatherly manner.

GAPES IN CHICKENS. A correspondent of the *Dollar Newspaper*, recommends saltpeter as a remedy for this disease common to chickens. Dissolve a tablespoonful of saltpetre in a quart of water, and mix their food in it, giving them the water when required for drink.

LOOK TO YOUR SCIONS. Keep the sprouts and suckers rubbed off from your grafted stocks, lest they rob the scions of their food. It takes some time for the graft to become thoroughly knitted and a communication fairly made with the stock.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS. The New Hampshire *Journal of Agriculture* has a meteorological correspondent who makes predictions in regard to the weather a month ahead. He says we shall have during July and August, much heat, showers, a catching hay season, and a good corn year.

A SEVEN YEARS' BEAN. California is great on agricultural productions. The latest thing we have noticed, is a bean which lives and fruits for seven years. It was imported from the Sandwich Islands.

IMPROVED SHANGHAIS.

### Grape Culture and Wine Making.

GRAPE CULTURE, WINES, AND WINE MAKING, with Notes upon Agriculture and Horticulture. By A. Haraszthy, Commissioner to Report on the Improvement and Culture of the Vine in California. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, 1862. 8-vo. pp. 429.

California, which has a climate adapted to the vine unsurpassed by any countries of the Old World, is destined to become the greatest grape-growing and wine-making district in the world. We find, in a memorial presented last winter to the Legislature of California, asking that they would petition Congress to remove a part of the enormous tax on wines manufactured in the United States, (the tax being nearly 300 per cent.) some interesting facts concerning the increase of this branch of culture in that State. In 1862, there were planted 10,592,688 vines, of which over two million were planted in the county of Los Angelos; and seven years ago the whole number of vines in the State did not exceed one million. In 1859 the amount of wine made in California is put down at 494,000 gallons, and the amount made in 1862 was about 700,000 gallons. After speaking of the importance of this branch of culture to California, the report, in referring to the adaptedness of its climate for the vine, says, "the three principal products of tillage in our State are *grapes*, wheat and barley;" thus placing the vine at the head of the list of its staple productions.

Mr. A. Haraszthy—the author of the book mentioned above—is regarded as the first grape grower in the State. He has the largest and most valuable vineyard, has the largest number of foreign vines, has been the largest importer of foreign vines, and has done more than any other person to encourage the cultivation of the grape, particularly of foreign varieties, and in consideration of his acquaintance with the business of grape growing and wine making, was appointed by the Legislature of California, to visit the wine making countries of Europe, and investigate the processes of growing the vines, and all the different manipulations of wine making, with a view to introduce into California the means best adapted to promote the improvement and culture of the vine in that State. The results of that embassy are embodied in the volume before us. The author visited in succession the chief wine districts in France, Germany, Spain and Italy; the proprietors of the leading vineyards and wine establishments affording him every facility for investigation, and he also collected a vast store of information upon the subjects, in the form of reports and treatises thereon. The most important of these are given in the volume, and with the author's observations and travels, forms a complete work on the manufacture of wine and the culture of grapes, on an extensive scale. To the people of California, who are engaged largely in the business and wish to pursue it to the best advantage and profit, this work, prepared with eminent fidelity and zeal, will form a complete treasury of information; while at the same time it will command the attention of all grape growers throughout our country.

The work can be obtained of A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington St., Boston, or of Chas. A. Pierce, Water St., in this city.

### About the Birds.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Where are the birds? This is a question I would like to have answered, for I have often made the inquiry. I haven't seen a king bird, blue bird, bobolink or humming bird, this season. I cannot tell where they are, but I am sure they are not in Clinton.

*June* 27, 1863. A SUBSCRIBER.

NOTE. In common with our correspondent in this week's and week before last's paper, we have noticed the small number of our common migratory birds that have shown themselves among us this season, although we have seen specimens of most of them. We have missed particularly the chimney bird and the eave swallow. Who can tell the cause of the scarcity of the feathered tribes? If any, let him speak.

In connection with this, we give the following record of the return of the principal kinds of birds common to Maine.—EDS.

PERIODICAL PHENOMENA. The following is a record of the arrival of our principal migratory birds, made at Belfast, Me., during the years 1861, '62 and '63, and given for reference and comparison.

| NAMES OF BIRDS. | IN 1861. | IN 1862. | IN 1862. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bluebird, | April 19 | April 7 | April 7 |
| Blackbird, | April 5 | April 17 | April 11 |
| Barnswallow, | April 27 | May 4 | April 28 |
| Bobolink, | May 10 | May 18 | May 18 |
| Chimney Swallow, | May 13 | May 18 | May 19 |
| Eave Swallow, | April 27 | April 26 | |
| Ground Sparrow, | March 27 | March 31 | April 7 |
| Humming Bird, | May 21 | May 25 | May 18 |
| King Bird, | May 15 | May 14 | May 19 |
| Plover, | April 27 | April 20 | May 2 |
| Robin Red-breast, | March 30 | April 1 | April 11 |
| Yellow Hammer, | April 28 | April 27 | April 24 |
| Martin, | May 1 | April 27 | |
| Swamp Robin, | | April 27 | April 28 |
| Cherry Bird, | | May 24 | May 30 |

EVER BEARING FRUIT TREES. Some apple trees bear fruit only every other year; others annually. The reason some bear only every other year seems to be because so much of the sap or tree-food is taken to form the yearly crop, which is usually heavy, that none is left to form fruit spurs, or the fruit embryo for the next season, and consequently the next season is required for that purpose. On the other hand trees that are not overburdened with fruit, do not appropriate all the ascending sap, but reserve a portion for the formation of the fruit bud for the next season.

### Improved Shanghais.

The cut inserted above gives a good illustration of the fowl called the Improved Shaghais, which the breeder claims to be superior to either the Shanghais or the Creeper, of which it is a cross. The crossing he terms "grafting Shanghais on Creeper legs." He says they are improved in two essential points—legs and breast. In form, color and general characteristics, they are Shanghais with fuller legs and breast, and consequently give more breast meat, and do not make so unsightly an appearance as either of the originals.

For the Maine Farmer.

### Crops &c., in Iowa.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A few words about the condition and prospect of crops in this section of country, may not be uninteresting to your readers. We are suffering from a severe drouth, which begins to show its effects upon the crops, especially those planted late. We have had but very little rain here for the past four or five months, and none for seven or eight weeks. The crops on new land will be very light unless rain comes soon. Early sowed grain looks well and promises a good yield. We had an early spring, and farmers improved it, and sowed and planted largely. We commenced to sow wheat as early as the 10th of March. Help is very scarce, consequently new machinery was brought into the field to supply the deficiency. Almost all the work on the farm is done by horses. If it was not for the garden and the sorghum field, the hand-hoe would be entirely out of use. Wheat is heading out, but the heads are short, and about every fourth one is smut. Early planted corn looks well, and is about eighteen inches high.

A few days since while on my way to a neighboring town, I passed several newly set apple orchards, and not one tree in five showed signs of life, though they were well mulched with straw and other litter.

There has been about one hundred thousand dollars worth of the White Willow cuttings put out in this State during the past spring, for timber, hedges, &c., and two-thirds of them at least are a loss, in consequence of the drouth. Many that started nicely have dried up in defiance of straw or any thing else.

There was much more wheat sowed in this State last spring than ever before, yet it is not supposed there will be as much raised for the market as last year, though we hope for the best.

Flour is worth three dollars per hundred lbs.; corn, twenty cents per bushel; salt pork, five cents per pound; butter, eight cents per pound; eggs, five cents per doz. As for sugar and molasses, each one manufactures his own supply. Imported molasses is unknown in the market.

By the above figures you can see that living out West is not very expensive, even in war times.

A SUBSCRIBER.

*Grinnell, Iowa, June* 22, 1863.

## Agricultural Miscellany.

### Horticulture in Japan.

The *Horticulturist* for April contains a letter from Japan, dated Dec. 1862, a portion of which we copy:

It being quite late in the evening when I landed, my curiosity to see the things I had heard of, had to remain unsatisfied until morning. You may be sure it was not long after I arose, before I was making a tour of inspection in the adjoining garden. At the kind invitation of a friend connected with the leading American house here, I made their house my home for a while. Attached to the dwelling they have a garden filled with a large collection of Japanese rarities, some of which I readily recognized from the published descriptions of Fortune's and Veitch's collections.

The sides of the hills are seldom or never cultivated with cereal or vegetable crops, but are chiefly planted with timber trees, which are carefully cared for by the laws of the country. As we proceeded north the hills became less abrupt until we reached the coast of a large extent of level country. Approaching the gulf of Yeddo, the country again becomes hilly, and the volcano island at its mouth has an elevation of about 4,000 feet. The shores of the bay presented an exceedingly attractive appearance on the delightful summer evening we sailed up. The great center of attraction was Fusi-yama, with several streaks of last year's snow on its summit, towering far above the surrounding mountains, and inviting the explorer into its forbidden paths. At the present time it is covered with its winter mantle, displaying its greater hight, and in strong contrast with its neighbors, which are still dark and somber.

The tendency of foliage in this country to assume a variegated character is one of the peculiarities well known to you from the number you already have in cultivation, that have been introduced from here. I was surprised at finding, in addition to those I was familiar with, so many others, not only native plants, but those from other countries. I have made quite a little collection, in hopes of soon having a favorable opportunity of sending them home.

The Cryptomeria is the most extensively planted tree for timber in the country, and is used for a variety of purposes in building. Wherever you go you will find plantations of it in various stages of growth. It is usually felled when from six to twelve inches square. The wood most frequently used in manufacturing fine furniture, fancy boxes, door panels, and whatever solid work is required, is the Ki-a-ki, a species of Planera. Wide planks of it are brought to market, and the wood, when polished, has a beautiful grain, and is valuable for the purposes for which it is used. Pinus densiflorous, and P. Massoniana supply the largest timber, and are extensively used for all sorts of heavy work.

The Hi-no-ki, or Retinospora abtusa, is also much used for light work. The wood is white and very tough; long shavings taken from it, and dyed various colors, are manufactured into beautiful mats, about six feet long and three or four feet wide. They are exceedingly pliable and soft, more so than Chinese matting used for floor coverings.

The Cryptomeria is hardly behind either of the others for beauty, and is certainly one of the finest evergreens, and I cannot but regret its want of hardihood with you. Its dense dark foliage is very conspicuous, though having in large masses rather too somber an appearance. There are several varieties of it, some of them quite dwarf, and they will take a place with the dwarf spruces in ornamental gardening.

The Camellia, with its bright shining foliage, stands pre-eminent among broad-leaved evergreens. Its favorite place seems to be gravelly banks of water courses, and there it usually attains its greatest size. This, however, is not always the case, as the largest single specimen of it I have seen stands on high ground, on the margin of a pine wood, away from the water, and a noble specimen it is, of the dimensions of a respectable sized apple tree. Camellia sasanqua has just passed flowering, and seeing it in bloom so early has impressed me that much remains to be done by the skillful horticulturist in producing a race of early flowering double varieties, of which this species will be the parent. You are well acquainted with the double sort already in cultivation, the flowers of which are small, but the single ones are large flowered.

In my walks over the surrounding hills I frequently come across Pittosporum tobira, covered with the aphis that attacks it and Oleanders with us, when crowded and confined in greenhouses. The leaves, too, are covered with dust, adhering to the sticky substance, with which they are covered in the same manner. The same also with the black thrip that attacks Azaleas under similar circumstances, and I have no doubt both nuisances were imported with the plants.

Although many foreign plants are cultivated, strange to say, I have not seen a geranium of any kind, either scarlet or show, or a verbena. The old China rose is grown, and one or two running roses, which, from their general appearance, and from description, I think must be new; they resemble the Noisettes, and perhaps may prove to be such.

My residence is so recent, and the field so extensive, I can only claim to have had a glimpse of what surrounds me, and shall not pretend to embody in one letter all that is to be said and seen.

### Curing Hay.

Will people ever learn to cure their hay instead of drying it? It is doubtful whether they ever will—at least all of them. The whole science of hay-making consists in three things: First, cut your grass when in blossom; second, dry it not too much; third, let it go through the sweating process before it goes into the barn. On these three things depend your quality of hay. Hay should be grass preserved. The nearer to the fresh, tender, succulent grass you get it, the better. Could we have grass growing in winter, how much better than hay. Well, hay is an attempt to do this as near as you can. We dry apples and berries so that we may have them in winter. We put fruit in bottles and exclude the air so as to have it as near the fresh fruit of summer as may be. But we can't have it absolutely fresh. So we do the best thing we can—"preserve" it. So with grass—we preserve it, and hay is the result. Could we cut our pastures when the grass is tender and young, and save it in that state, what an invention that would be. Perhaps it will yet be done. What feed such grass makes (when cured well) for milch cows and young stock. Horses will eat more matured grass with nearly equal relish. For horses then, grass, when fully grown, will do. To turn a dairy into a meadow when the grass is fit for the scythe, would not be so well as to turn it in a fresh pasture in June. But we cannot cut our pastures. There would be too much labor to harvest your grass three or four times in a season; so economy has something to do in haymaking. Grass, when in blossom, has its full growth, excepting the seed. It is yet tender in a measure, and it has one advantage which no other stage of the grass possesses; it develops its sugar then. Especially is this the care with clover, whose head, when in blossom, is a globe of sweetness. Its large honey cells are evident enough. This comes with the period of blossoming, and with it passes away. Clover then should be cut when in blossom to secure the sugar, as well as other properties equally nutritious, which, if the grass is kept standing longer, vanishes. The best farmers have, therefore, decided that the blossoming time is the best time to cut the grasses, especially clover. When grass is ripe, what is it good for? Certainly not for pasture; and will it be better when it is still farther dried and made hard? The blossom finds it still tender, with additional juices of value, which, before and after, it does not possess. Hence, I repeat, the blossoming time is the time for cutting grass.

The next thing is, to save it as near in this state as can be. To dry it thoroughly, so that the tenderest part becomes brittle and falls off in the handling, will not do. The stock also will become harsh and of a woody nature. There is a world of such—we will not call it hay. What then must be done? Expose your hay to the sun and dry air—better dry air alone—till it is thoroughly wilted. Then the moisture—mere water—has pretty well escaped, and the juices holding in solution the valuable qualities, are present, and in themselves not spoiling, but keeping the hay soft and pliant. Heat, continued, will evaporate these, and a rain or two, with additional heat to dry, will thoroughly remove all the remains of the juices, or their properties, for they are very delicate evanescent, and held lightly. The sun is injurious. It bleaches and evaporates too strongly. The best way is to cure grass in the shade. Hence the excellence of hay when cured in the barn, scattered over the rails, as is often done when a little grass is cut before harvest has set in, and spread out to dry in this way. It is the greenest of greens. This is probably the best mode of curing hay; but as it is not practicable only to a small extent, so we must resort to other means.

When well wilted, which will take from several hours to half a day, rake your hay into winrows. Leave there, or make into cocks; for clover, small cocks; timothy, larger. Here let it remain for about two days, or two days and a half. Then stir or spread apart a little; leave for a few hours and then into the mow with it. As it then goes in, so it will come out—as green almost as the grass itself, with a slight yellow tinge which the sweating operation imparted, but did not injure. The hay will feel heavy; and it is heavier than when dried to death; but it will not spoil, depend upon it, it is *cured*. You have the same grass here which so recently was in full blossom and tender with juices. It is still in blossom and tender with juices. And when you come to feed it out in the winter, it is then that you will see the benefit of curing grass instead of bleaching it and drying it into straw. In market its superior weight is an advantage—its color also, and its fragrance of the early harvest field is still there.

### Ventilating a Cellar.

In my sitting room, immediately over the cellar I have a small cast-iron, air-tight, wood-burning stove, with three and a half feet of six-inch pipe connected through a thimble with the chimney flue at about one foot from the stove. I have a T-connection with the stovepipe with pipe of the same size, passing through the floor and reaching to within a foot of the cellar floor. At the top of this pipe, close to the connection with the stovepipe, there is a valve which regulates the draft of cold air taken from the cellar. The opening in the floor is half an inch larger than the pipe. The vacuum produced in the cellar by the draft in the chimney-flue, draws air down from the chamber through the space around the pipe in the floor. My cellar, which was before damp, is now as dry and pleasant as any room in my house. Formerly articles placed in my cellar soon became moldy, and were spoiled for want of ventilation.—*Scientific American.*

### Going to Market.

"It costs nothing, but it goes a great ways," said some one, referring to the kind civilities of a thoroughly well-bred and polite person.

Do any of my lady readers remember their first experiment in "going to market?" Now, lest some one may misapprehend entirely my meaning by the term "going to market," lest some fair city lady may suppose I mean stepping into a city market, and ordering various nice little parcels sent to No. —, D—— Street, for dinner, I will at once explain. I mean simply this:

A country farmer's wife may decide that, for wise and sufficient reasons, she will go to the town or city with the "horse and wagon" and she will take upon herself the sole responsibility of disposing, to the best of her ability, of such articles as may be ready for sale; the products of the dairy, say.

"Well, what of that?" says one. "We know that women do so, but dear me, they are always such a coarse, countrified set, that it is quite shocking to be in a store when these market women come in, although I admit they are sometimes quite amusing, quite a study, like the fish women of Paris."

With becoming perseverance we decided one fine day in the month of —— that the next morning, circumstances permitting, should find us at an early hour on our way to the city "going to market," for the first time. If a military general has his misgivings when approaching the enemy to give battle, is it strange that we should have ours—two women approaching, for the first time, a strange place, on business new and untried? One consolation for us, nobody knows us in ——, and if we are "green," and those who patronize us are disposed to be uncivil or rude, because we, instead of our "better half," have come to market, we won't know them; they won't know us; "we'll grin and bear it." Is not there a comfortable feeling of independence in knowing no one, no one knowing you in a strange place? Did you ever feel it? If you have, you understand it.

With some little timidity, but we hope with becoming dignity, we inquire of the trader, in the first store we enter, if he would like some ——? A cautious glance assured us that one or two customers present, regarded us, not with contempt, but perhaps a little curiosity; of course, we knew we were somewhat verdant, and how could it be otherwise? But the pleasant face of the trader assured us that we should certainly meet with no incivility here. We were reassured, by the greeting of a tall, rather rough, but honest looking man, who enters and salutes our trader thus: "Do you want some eggs?" "Yes." "Wal, tell you what, I always like to come in here; that's so, cause you always look so pleasant."

"Eh! good natured, is it?" says the pleasant voice behind the counter, as a slight gleam of satisfaction beamed from his eye. My friend and I exchanged glances, which interpreted, were, "We shan't be snubbed here."

How we traded, is our affair: we see no propriety in telling the reader further, but what we wish is simply to say, that, if "Love is the golden key that opens the human heart," why may we not call true politeness and civility the silver one?

We certainly must consider that feeling of the heart that prompts a stranger to extend to a stranger, even a little plain market woman, the various kind attentions needed, freely and delicately, true politeness. If this feeling pervades the heart, and is well rooted there, it will show itself, and not occasionally either. I doubt not, many who read this article, can recall instances where worthy and sensible persons have been rudely treated by store-keepers and clerks, whose far worthier fathers and mothers, working on the farm, were honestly toiling for an honest living, rudely treated, because—well, they came from the farm to sell something.—*Cor. N. E. Farmer.*

### The Farmer a Manufacturer.

Every farmer, great or small, is a manufacturer. In the manufactory which he superintends, is made butter, cheese, beef, pork, corn, wheat and potatoes—in fact, all the real necessaries of life. No other manufacturer is engaged in a work of so much importance. We could get along without manufactories of silk, cotton or woolen goods, but let the factories that make our bread and meat cease to work, and ruin—death in its most horrid form—would stare us in the face. There is no work that requires more thought and care—none that makes greater calls for the exercise of the highest faculties of the mind, than farming. To no man, in any position of life, is a general knowledge of the wonderful laws of nature of more importance than it is to the farmer. Cotton, it is well known, can be made into cotton cloth, and wool into blankets and broadcloths; but the great question with the manufacturer is, how this can be so done by a judicious selection of materials, and skill in their manufacture, as to afford a profit over cost. On his wisdom in this respect depends the all-important question, whether his business is a success or a failure. Manure and labor will manufacture crops to an almost unlimited extent; but on the cost of this manure, and the way and purpose for for which it is used, depends the success or failure of the farmer—the fact whether or not he makes these crops at a profit over cost.

The farmer, like the manufacturer, pursues his business to earn a livelihood for himself and family, and to accumulate a small store for a rainy day. No manufacturer would boast of his large productions, or think he was doing a business that he had reason to be proud of, if what he made cost all it was worth in its production. The farmer may grow sixty or seventy bushels of wheat to the acre, and proclaim the fact all over the country—obtain the first premium for the largest crop grown in the State or Nation, and the wonderful performance be heralded through all the papers in the land; yet, if this large crop cost more in its manufacture than it would bring in the market, what has been gained, and who would like to follow such an example for a living? The farmer that raised thirty bushels, at a price that would allow him a fair profit over cost, would be far more worthy of praise and imitation. He that can make corn and wheat at the lowest possible price, and meat and butter cheaper than his neighbors, is the best farmer; it being always understood that he is not using up his capital—the fertility of his soil.—*Rural New Yorker.*

### Grape Hints.

Grapes coming in bearing should not be permitted to perfect large crops of fruit while young. It is excusable to fruit a bunch or so on a young vine, 'just to test the kind,' but no more should be permitted till the vine has age and strength. Vigorous growth, and great productiveness, are the antipodes of the vegetable world. Encourage as much foliage as possible on the vines, and aim to have as strong shoots at the base as at the top of the cane; this can be done by pinching out the points of the strong shoots after they have made a growth of five or six leaves. This will make the weak ones grow stronger. Young vines for support, than over a straight stick as a trellis, and generally do better every way. Where extra fine bunches of grapes are desired, pinch back the shoot bearing it about four or five leaves above the bunch. This should not be done indiscriminately with all the bunches. Too much pinching and stopping injures the production of good wood for next season. These hints are for amateurs, who have a few vines on trellises; for large vineyard culture, though the same principles hold good so far as they go, they will vary in their application.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

TO CURE SCOURS IN CALVES. Take a piece of rennet, and soak as our cheese making farmers' wives would prepare for cheese, and give, say six tablespoonfuls before the calf is fed. One dose I have generally found sufficient. The same remedy administered in larger doses, will cure the same disease in older cattle.

## Hints for the Household.

### A Word about Cooking.

Cookery is not merely "the art of providing dainty bits to fatten out the ribs," as the scornful old proverb has it; it is the art of turning every morsel to the best use; it is the exercise of skill, thought, ingenuity, to make every morsel of food yield the utmost nourishment and pleasure of which it is capable. To do this, or to legislate for the doing of it, does not depend on the amount of money spent; the same qualities of character are demanded whether the housekeeping be on a large or a small scale. A woman who is not essentially kind-hearted cannot be a comfortable housekeeper; a woman who has not judgment, firmness, forethought, and general good sense cannot manage her house prudently or comfortably, no matter what amount of money she may have at her command; a woman who has not an eye for detecting and remedying disorderliness and carelessness cannot keep her house fresh and pleasant, no matter how much money she may spend on furniture and upholstery. It is not money, but management, that is the great requisite in procuring comfort in household arrangements. Of course, nobody asks impossibilities; none but the Jews ever yet succeeded in "making bricks without straw," and even they found it difficult, and lamented wearily; but the woman with limited means may make her things as perfect after their kind as the woman with ample means, only she will be obliged to put more of *herself* into the management and that element of *personality* has a charm which no appointments made through the best staff of servants can possess—it is a luxury that money cannot buy, and generally hinders. The luxury of completeness must always depend on the individual care and skill of the mistress. That a thing should be perfect after its kind is all that can be required. Bacon and venison lie at opposite ends of the economical scale; but if the woman whose means allow her to procure bacon only is careful to have it so dressed and served that it is as good as bacon ought to be, she has attained the only perfection required at her hands; and it is the higher qualities brought to bear on a common action which give to the result a beauty and value not its own. We are all so much creatures of imagination, that we think more of the signified, than of the actual, fact. When a man sees his table nicely set out, he believes in the goodness of his dinner in a way that would be impossible with the self-same dinner on a soiled tablecloth with a slovenly arrangement.

### Unleavened Bread.

No. 1.—GEMS.

Stir together Graham flour and cold water, to about the consistency of ordinary cup-cake batter. Bake in a hot oven in small tin patty pans, two inches square and three-fourths of an inch deep.

NOTE.—This makes delicious bread. It may be improved by beating the batter in the same manner as eggs are beaten, for five, ten, or fifteen minutes; the longer the better. No definite rule as to the proportions of flour and water can be given, owing to the difference in the absorbing power of various brands of flour.

Many persons have failed of success in making this bread, from neglecting one very essential requisite—the size of the pans in which it is baked. If they are larger than the dimensions given the bread will be heavy. If smaller, it will be dry and hard.

But made this size, and filled evenly full, if the batter is of the right consistency, and the oven hot, they will rise one-half, and be almost as light and porous as sponge cake.

No. 2.—DIAMONDS.

Pour *boiling* water on Graham flour—stirring rapidly till all the flour is wet. Too much stirring makes it tough. It should be about as thick as can be stirred easily with a strong iron spoon.

Place the dough with plenty of flour upon the moulding board, and knead it for two or three minutes. Roll out one-half an inch thick, and cut in small cakes or rolls. If a large quantity is required, roll about three-fourths of an inch thick, and cut with a knife in diamond shape. Bake in a very hot oven 45 minutes.

No. 3.—GRAHAM BISCUIT.

Make Graham mush as for the table. When cool, mix with it Graham flour, sufficient to roll well. Knead for a few minutes, roll three-fourths of an inch thick, cut with a common biscuit-cutter, and bake in a hot over from 30 to 45 minutes.

No. 4.—GRAHAM BISCUIT.—(*another form.*)

Stir into cold water, Graham flour enough for a rather soft dough; knead it for five or ten minutes, and bake the same as No. 3.

NOTE.—When these have become a little dry or hard, cut in small pieces, cover with cold water, soak till thoroughly soft, when the water should be all absorbed. Strain through a colander, mix Graham flour sufficient to roll, and bake in the same form as at first. This is even superior to the original bread.

### Recipes.

PRESERVING SUMMER FRUITS. Such fruits as strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and the like, may be preserved in the following manner cheaply, and their flavor be retained: Put sugar over the fire, at the rate of half a pound to the pound of berries, add a little water; when hot take fruit in a skimmer and dip it into the sugar, holding it there for half a minute, perhaps; then take it out and spread it on tins. Go through the whole lot in this way; then boil down the sugar to a thick syrup, and pour it over the fruit; set the tins either in the sun or in a hot oven till the berries are dried through in thin gelatinous cakes; when thoroughly dry, put the cakes in a bag and hang it up out of the way. The cakes will keep as long as wanted, and may be fitted for the table in a few minutes by the addition of a little hot water or more sugar, if necessary. The beauty of this method is that the flavor of the fruit is retained, while there is no danger of its spoiling by fermentation. Fruits, when preserved in the usual way, pound for pound, are made too sweet, and lose their distinctive flavor, so much so that they become like a piece of leather dipped in sugar, and one can hardly see or taste the difference. Besides, without care preserves are apt to ferment and spoil.

RHUBARB WINE. A fair article of wine for family use may be made from the juice of the rhubarb in the following manner: Grind or mash and press the stalks, in any convenient manner. A portable or hand cider mill and press answer well for this purpose. Add as much water as there is juice and three to four pounds light-colored sugar to each gallon of the mixture. Put in casks and set in the cellar, with the bung out, leaving it until fermentation ceases, keeping the casks full in the meantime. When done working, bung up tight or bottle for use. Small quantities may be put at first into glass bottles or stone jugs.

### To Sweeten Butter Firkins.

Before packing butter into firkins, put them out of doors in the vicinity of the well, fill them with water, and throw in a few handfuls of salt. Let them stand three or four days, and change the water once during that time. Butter-firkins should be made of white oak, and this process effectually takes out the acid contained in that wood, and makes the firkins sweet. If the butter is well made and rightly packed, it will keep good all summer, even if the firkins be kept in store above ground. To cleanse old firkins in which butter has been packed and left exposed some time to the air, fill with sour milk, and leave standing twenty-four hours; then wash clean, and scald with brine. This makes them as good as new.

# Maine Farmer.

**Augusta, Thursday, July 9, 1863.**

### Terms of the Maine Farmer.

**$2.25 per annum, or $2.00 if paid within three months of the date of Subscription.**

☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

All payments made by subscribers to the *Farmer* will be credited in accordance with our new mailing method. The printed date upon the paper, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us *the name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

### Notice.

Mr. V. Darling, Agent for the *Maine Farmer*, will call upon subscribers in Penobscot County during the months of July and August.

☞ Subscribers in China and vicinity can make payments to J. Shaw, Jr., Esq., P. M., who is duly authorized by us to give receip's for the same.


### The School House and the Slave Pen.

The present rebellion is truly characterized as a fight between freedom and slavery; or, in other words, it is a contest between those on one hand who wish to establish and perpetuate, according to their own avowal, an aristocracy founded on slavery—the master or capitalist to be the lord, and the slave, or those who labor to be the serf; and those on the other hand who are willing to carry out in practice the principles of our Declaration of Independence, and to guarantee equal rights and equal privileges to all.

Reduced down to its simplest terms, it is, in reality a contest between the school-house and the slave-pen. If the rebels succeed, slavery becomes national, and the school-houses—those little, but glorious institutions, humble in their appearance and simple in their operation, but nevertheless the pride and glory, and the arch of safety of the free States, will be obliterated and destroyed forever. Had the slave pens been a common institution in all of the States, as they have been in a part of them, there would have been no rebellion, for we should all have been steeped in the deadening and most degrading, and soul-sickening principles which uphold slavery, that "sum of all villainies." Had the school-house, however, been a common institution in all the States, as it has been in a part of them, there would have been no rebellion, for the spread of knowledge and freedom, and the true principles of government among and through all classes, would have told the ambitious and unprincipled that they had no more nor other rights than the common people, and far less power. Education, says John Adams, makes more difference between the taught and the untaught, than there is between the ignorant man and the brute. Those who have traveled in "Dixie," and observed the difference between the common people in the land of school houses and the land of slave pens, can attest to the truth of this remark, and it is upon these ignorant masses that the ambitious and unprincipled leaders depend for the success they hope for in this unholy and accursed rebellion which they have inaugurated, and are still carrying on.

That we are not talking from prejudice, or biased by our northern education or location, as some may suppose, we will prove by witnesses of southern origin and residence. The Baltimore *American*, which, before the rebellion would have at least said nothing disparaging to the customs and habits of the Southern people, now speaks of some of them in the following tone: "Yesterday," it says, "our citizens had a sad exemplification of the signification of the term, 'poor white trash,' as applied to the privates in the ranks of the rebellion, a body of some sixteen hundred captured by Gen. Grant having arrived here to be embarked for some other point." Let it be noted that the term "poor white trash" *originated in Dixie itself*, and is therefore as much a coinage to be accredited to the cotton lords of the Hammond and Rhett school, as is the other offensive term, "mudsills," which they also have the credit of having set afloat. "But who that has glanced along the ranks of this woe-begone, ragged and pinched assortment of rebel troops—this characteristic representation of the "chivalry" come to grief—and did not feel and know that they were no more accountable for the origin and continuance of a godless rebellion than were the horses they bestrode while in the military service of the magnates of Richmond. Countenances utterly vacant; eyes lighted by no *intelligence;* no *education;* no anything that stamps men as thinking, responsible human beings in a crisis such as that gotten up by the Southern politicians. They were seen at a glance, to be only those tools in the hands of designing men to pull down a government of the people, for the purpose of erecting a military despotism, such as now holds them in its iron grasp, upon its ruins."

Incapable of reading or writing even, as the bulk of them in this class were (being from Mississippi,) they were of that class mentioned by Gregg, of South Carolina, as measurably a nuisance to the planters and their negroes, a class of which South Carolina could boast the possession of about one hundred and fifty thousand before the war out of a population of about three hundred thousand.

Here the editor of the *American* has rightly attributed the wretched appearance and abject condition of these men to the lack of education, and, of course, of a cultivated and active intelligence. There have been no school houses nor common schools in the land of their birth, no opportunity for an education, and, as a natural result, the animal part has the ascendency over the mental, and they have sunk down to be the tools and spiritless abject menials of the lordly and despotic planters. The remedy at once suggests itself, and he urges their redemption. Looking, says he, upon this woe-begone and miserable procession of the captured, the idea was more than ever strongly impressed upon the thoughtful mind that *the South must be rescued from itself*. These men have been the victims of their leaders, the tools of the politicians, and the class to which they belong in the South will never know freedom more until the power of their tyrants is effectually broken. Let it nerve anew, he exclaims, every arm to deal effective blows in their behalf, and in behalf of that system of free government which they have assailed. Only when the Slave Oligarchy is overthrown will these men cease to be its victims.

So say we. The South must be rescued from itself, and this will be one of the good results of the strife. The school house will triumph over the slave pen and all its accompanying curses, and through them the light of knowledge will break into the intellects of even the "poor white trash" in Dixie, and pave the way for the enjoyment of equal rights to every human being in America.

Brief Notes on the Weather, for the week ending Sunday, July 5th, 1863:

June 29th—fine; A. M. hot; P. M. cooler.
June 30th—fine; foggy till 7½ A. M.; P. M cool.
July 1st—fine, warm; fresh breeze.
July 2d—fine, warm; sprinkle in night.
July 3d—fair; A. M., overcast.
July 4th—fine; began raining at 9¼ P. M.; slight falling of rain all night.
July 5th—raining gently all A. M., ending at 1½ P. M.; P. M. fair, cloudy.

Gipsies. Winterport is honored—or dishonored—by the presence of a band of gipsies, who seem to possess the natural inclinations of the race, as far as gardens and hen-roosts are concerned.

### The War News of the Week.

The latest anniversary of American Independence has been made signally memorable by the achievement of a glorious victory for the National arms, over treason and rebellion. Thanks to the indomitable heroism of the army of the Potomac, the audacious invasion of a free State for the purpose of rapine and spoliation, has met with an overwhelming and disgraceful defeat, and the insolent rebel host which crossed the Potomac a few weeks since so boastfully confident of its ability to march unopposed to Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and dictate terms of peace from Independence Hall, are now a flying and broken mass of fugitives, vainly seeking escape from the avenging steel of our victorious legions.

The details of the stirring events of the past week, given in our record of the war may be briefly summed up as follows: During the first part of the week Gen. Lee had crossed the Potomac with his entire army, numbering not less than one hundred thousand men and two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery. He had already pushed forward his outposts to the Susquehanna river and found it strongly guarded by the Union militia of Pennsylvania and New York, which had been hastily summoned to the defence of the State, and being threatened on his flank by the Army of the Potomac which had already taken position at Frederick, he concentrated his forces in the neighborhood of Gettysburg for the purpose of striking a blow which should remove the only formidable obstacle in his proposed pathway of invasion. Gen. Meade, who had recently assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, rapidly made his dispositions for the approaching conflict. The battle opened on Wednesday by a premature movement of Gen. Reynolds, who was in the advance near Gettysburg, in which the 1st Corps under Gen. Reynolds and the 11th under Gen. Howard became engaged with an immensely superior force of the enemy. At an early stage of the battle Gen. Reynolds was killed and Gen. Howard took the command. Notwithstanding we were finally compelled to yield the ground, the determined and heroic bravery of the northern troops was never more conspicuously displayed. The 11th corps, whose unmanly panic at Chancellorsville ruined the fortunes of that ill-starred battle, more than redeemed themselves on this occasion. It is said they fought with almost superhuman courage and determination, the terrible carnage which they inflicted on the rebel foe, and which they in turn received, sufficiently attest the fact. The 2d and 3d corps acted as a reserve in this engagement, and assisted in arresting the advance of the enemy and in gaining an advantageous position for the renewal of the battle on the following day.

On Thursday morning no fighting took place, Gen. Meade being engaged in bringing up the balance of his army and putting them in position to meet the impending onset of the enemy.—About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the rebel cannonade opened on the left of our position, occupied by Generals Sickles and Hancock of the 3d and 2d corps, which was soon increased to a most terrific degree, accompanied by repeated onslaughts with their infantry. Between four and six o'clock, after withstanding numerous successive charges, by many times their number, the 5th corps was brought up to their assistance and they drove back the enemy a mile and a half, capturing a large number of prisoners and remaining masters of the field. This is described as one of the fiercest conflicts of the war, and the losses on both sides were terrible. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* says: "The enemy were most desperate in their attacks. Brigade after brigade were marched up against Gens. Sickles' and Hancock's columns, with the most demonine fury, and, having delivered their fire till their strength was spent, they would fall down and let another line march over them, and perform the same manœuvre, while they would deploy and recruit for a repetition of the same operations. "Meanwhile our boys stood like walls of stone and received their fire, returning it with interest, while our light batteries mowed the enemy down with grape and canister, till the Fifth corps came to their support and delivered their fire. Then it was that with one magnificent, combined, enthusiastic charge they dispersed the rebels and drove them back."

A grapic account of Thursday's engagement by a correspondent of the New York *Times* is copied in another column.

On Friday the grand and decisive battle between the contending forces took place, the particulars which as yet are but meagerly given, but resulting in the total discomfiture of the rebel army. The battle raged all day. The fierce and desperate onslaughts of the enemy were everywhere repulsed with awful slaughter. Large numbers of prisoners fell into our hands, estimated at 15,000 and 20,000, including some of the most distinguished rebel generals, together with 118 cannon and an immense amount of arms and other army material, abandoned in flight or surrendered into our possession. The latest accounts represent Lee's army in full flight towards Virginia, leaving his dead and wounded upon the field, and the Federal forces in rapid and eager pursuit. Measures have been taken to intercept his flight, by the destruction of the pontoon bridges across the Potomac, and the movement of Gen. Couch's forces upon his rear. Not an improbable result of such a defeat, is the capture or surrender of the entire rebel army—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The only event of consequence in other portions of the field of war, is the advance of Gen. Rosecrans against Bragg in Tennessee and the retreat of the latter to his strong entrenchments at Chattanooga, where a desperate battle may be fought before many days.

Although the authorities at Richmond are manifesting some alarm at the uncomfortable proximity of Gen. Keyes to the rebel capital, we as yet hear of no demonstration sufficiently formidable in that direction to warrant any expectation of its speedy capture.

In regard to Vicksburg, we can only repeat the stereotyped telegraphic assurance that the siege is progressing favorably. Grant is taking his own time and we have no doubt that he will ultimately succeed in taking Vicksburg.

Fears are entertained in regard to Banks' position at Port Hudson. The enemy is reported to be concentrating a large force in his rear, and unless he is immediately reinforced it is thought he may be obliged to abandon the siege. Such a result would be one of the most mortifying events of the war. It is hoped, however, that the Government has already taken measures to give him the means of accomplishing the work he has undertaken.

The Commutation Fee. In response to the request of Gov. Coburn, the Judges of the Supreme Court of this State have given a unanimous opinion, declaring that no town in its corporate capacity has a legal right to raise money to purchase exemption for its citizens who may be drafted under the conscription act. The action of those towns which have recently voted to raise the $300 exemption fee, being thus declared illegal, of course those individuals who propose to loan money for that purpose will understand that they can have no legal claim upon the towns for reimbursement, neither can any tax levied for such purpose be enforced.

☞ Old Bowdoin responds nobly to her country's call. She has lately sent another deputation of students, twenty in number, who have enlisted in a Rhode Island cavalry regiment.

☞ Dr. F. S. Holmes, of Foxcroft, Surgeon of the 6th Maine died in hospital a few days since of diptheria.

Veteran Volunteers. By a recent order of the War Department, all able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45 years, who have heretofore served in the army not less than nine months, and who shall re-enlist and pass the examination required by the U. S. Army regulations, shall be entitled to receive from the United States one month's pay in advance, and bounty and pension of $402, to be paid as follows: 1st, upon being mustered into service he shall be paid one month's pay in advance, $13; first instalment of bounty, $25, premium of $2; total payments on muster $40; 2d, at the first regular pay-day, or two months after mustering in, an additional instalment of bounty will be paid, of $50; 3d, at the first regular pay-day after six months service, he shall be paid an additional instalment of $50; 4th, at the first pay-day after the end of the first year's service, an additional instalment will be paid of $50; 5th, at the first regular pay-day after 18 months service, an additional instalment of bounty will be paid of $50; 6th, at the first regular pay-day after two years' service, an additional instalment of bounty will be paid of $50; 7th, at the first regular pay-day after 2½ years service, an additional instalment of bounty will be paid of $50; 8th, at the expiration of three years service, the remainder of the bounty will be paid, $75.

Volunteers enlisting under the provisions of this order, will be entitled to the full bounty, if they shall die or be honorably discharged from the service before the expiration of the three years.

Volunteers or militia now in service, whose term ot service, will expire within 90 days, and all others now in service, and who shall then have been in service at least nine months, shall be entitled to the aforesaid bounty and premium of $402, provided they re-enlist before the expiration of their present service, for three years from the date of re-enlistment or for the war. After the expiration of ninety days from June 28th, volunteers serving in 3 years organizations, who may re-enlist for 3 years from date of such re-enlistment or for the war, shall be entitled to the aforesaid bounty and premium of $402. Provision is made, also, as soon after the expiration of their original term of enlistment as the exigencies of the service will permit, a furlough of 30 days will be granted to men who may re-enlist in accordance with the provisions of this order.

Officers in the service whose regiments or companies may re-enlist in accordance with the provisions of this order before the expiration of their present term, shall have their commissions continued so as to preserve their date of rank as fixed by their original muster into the U. S. service.

Instructions for the appointment of recruiting officers and for enlisting veteran volunteers will be immediately issued to the Governors of States.

Aid for our Wounded Soldiers. We have been kindly furnished by Miss Fuller, the Secretary of the Ladies' Aid Society of this city with the following extract of a letter recently received from the rooms of the Sanitary Commission in Boston. The recent battles in Pennsylvania will suggest the necessity of greatly renewed efforts to supply hospital stores to the Sanitary Commission for the use of our wounded soldiers. We trust the response of our people will be prompt and generous:

"We have received your letter of the 19th, and the two boxes that it promised have safely arrived. Their contents were excellently adapted to the purposes of relief for which we are all at work, and many of them are repacked awaiting orders from Washington.

We received a telegram on Tuesday, requesting us to hold all we pack ready for further notice as to its destination; perhaps your goods will go to some battlefield in Pennsylvania, within our own boundaries, there to tell of home, care and tenderness. There seems every prospect of terrible need of help this summer; any day may bring a call without limit, and we watch and count eagerly, fearing that we shall fall short. We cannot do enough to impress on the minds of all, how much more good can be done through having our goods ready for any moment.

I give you the list of "special needs" just sent us from Washington: Cotton drawers, cotton socks, sheets, towels, bedsacks, pickles, jellies, dried and preserved fruits. Pickles are peculiarly necessary; in fact every preparation of fruit and vegetables is most valuable."

Fire. A destructive fire occurred in South Wayne, on July 1st, by which the greater part of the village was destroyed. We gather the particulars from various sources. It appears that the fire was first discovered at noon, breaking out in Johnson & Co.'s Shovel-handle Manufactory, and defied all exertions to suppress it. As the wind blew hard, the fire soon extended to the flour mill, taking in its course a new carriage shop and Mr. Raymond's buildings. It soon spread to the new brick block of stores, occupied by E. Norris, destroying that, together with his entire large stock of goods. From the block it burnt all the buildings, including seven stores, on the east side of the street to Mr. Johnson's residence. At this point it crossed the street to the hotel, destroying every building on the west side to the bridge. The fire raged with such fury that all the goods and furniture that had been moved into the street for safety, were destroyed. The loss is variously estimated at $20,000 to $30,000.

About thirty buildings, including seven stores, four dwelling houses, two blacksmith shops, a grist-mill, shovel-handle factory, carraige shop, and Post Office, were destroyed, and several families were rendered destitute and homeless. Several persons were badly injured by exposure to the heat. The Portland *Press* says the fire originated from the carelessness of an operative in the factory, who set fire to a pile of shavings when the wind was strong, and went to dinner and left them burning.

The town records were destroyed, the Clerk's office being in the buildings burned, and he being absent from the town, at the time.

Returned Nine Months' Regiments. The 23d, 25th, and a portion of the 27th regiments of nine months' volunteers from this State, arrived in Portland on Thursday and Friday of last week, their time of service having expired. The regiments have been stationed in the vicinity of Washington. A part of the 27th, numbering three hundred men, under the command of Col. Wentworth, volunteered to remain for the defence of Washington during the present emergency. The offer was accepted by the War Department, and Col. Wentworth was ordered to report with his command to Gen. Hentzleman. A despatch from Washington, dated July 5th, states that the danger from rebel attack having passed the battalion had been released from further duty and left for home on the 4th inst.

☞ A correspondent writes us of a lady in Somerset County, aged seventy-two years, who during the past year has spun three hundred and fifty skeins of woolen yarn, on a hand-wheel, wove two hundred yards of woolen cloth, made two patchwork quilts, and six dozen fine shirts, besides a large quantity of other sewing and knitting. We fear it will be a long time before any of the damsels of the present day will perform as much, even when in the full strength of womanhood.

State Defences. The raid at Portland has set our authorities busy in regard to State defences. Fort Knox is to be put in a state of defence, by mounting heavy guns, and is to be garrisoned by a detachment of the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, which is to be recruited immediately. The Secretary of War has directed that Fort Preble in Portland harbor, be put in a state of defence: also that Fort Popham at the mouth of the Kennebec, be supplied with guns. For further security the State has chartered the steamer Ella Morse, to be stationed below Bath for the defence of the river.

### Editor's Table.

The Eclectic for July opens with a fine engraving of Christopher Columbus, from a copy of the original in Spain. The leading articles of this number are: Disintegration of Empires, continued; Greece and the Greeks; A chapter on Superstition; Ghostly Business; A Revolutionary Episode; The Human Skin; Invasion of the Crimea; Geology and Paleontology; Starving the Earth, an article in which the writer argues that we farmers are driving old mother earth to desperation by withdrawing more from her bosom in the form of crops, than we return in the shape of fertilizers; Jewels and Gems, poetry; Peaks and Valleys of the Andes; Sources of the Nile discovered; Selections from the Life and Letters of Washington Irving. W. H. Bidwell, editor and proprietor, New York city. Terms $5 per annum.

The Cotinental for July is received, with the following table of contents: Emancipation in Jamaica; Abijah Witherpee's Retreat; Reason, Rhyme and Rhythm; Mrs. Rabotham's Party, a Satirical Poem; Diary of Frances Krazinka, giving some account of life in Poland during the eighteenth century; Ladies' Loyal Leagues; West of the Mississippi; The Cavalier Theory refuted; The Early Arbutus, poetry; Third Year of the War; The Chicago and other Canals, an article appropriate for the times; Was He Successful; Woman; and the usual Literary Notices and Editor's Table. John F. Trow, publisher, New York. Terms $3 per annum, post paid.

Blackwood's Magazine for June. This magazine commences a new volume with July. The contents of June No. are: A Glance at the Italy of Cavour; Rough Notes of a Ride to Babylon; Constitutional Tendencies; Girolams Savonarola; A Letter from Poland; Charles James Blomfield; Epigrams; Crinoliniana; Chronicles of Calingford. Terms $3 per annum. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

The French Army in the City of Mexico. Despatches received by way of San Francisco from the city of Mexico to the 6th of June, bring the important information of the removal of the Government from that city, and its evacuation by the army. President Juarez and his Cabinet had concluded to evacuate the city of Mexico, believing the most effectual resistance to the French army could be made outside of the walls. On the 31st of May the Government moved to San Luis de Potosi, taking all the movable firearms and munitions of war along. They also took with them $2,000,000 from the Treasury. The force that garrisoned the city of Mexico is said to number over 20,000 men, who were withdrawn to the Cuemevoca Plaza and intermediate points around the city, for the purpose of carrying on guerilla warfare.

On June 1st, a meeting was held in the city at which the principal leaders of the Church Party were present. They sent a commission to Gen. Forey to offer their allegiance to the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

On June 5th the French division, under Gen. Bazaive, occupied the main entrance to the city and offered the Church Party protection against the excited populace. The whole French army was expected to occupy the capital on the 8th of June.

Three newspapers had been established favoring the policy of the French. One of these papers states that the occupation of the city of Mexico settles with absolute certainty that it is necessary to extirpate by root the democracy, and no longer need there be even a dream of popular sovereignty.

Gen. Forey had issued a decree confiscating the property of all parties who have been or are in arms against the French.

Agricultural Statistics. The city of Augusta makes the following return of agricultural statistics, on the first day of July, 1863, as required by legislative enactment:

Number of bulls, 31; heifers under four years old, 369; cows, 951; steers under four years old, 161; oxen, 258; number of common or native sheep, 1,791; South Downs and grades, 255; improved long wools, 69; Merinos and grades, 101; pounds of wool produced, 5,782; number of wool skins, 2,560; pounds of dressed flax, 5; swine of all kinds, 623; colts under four years old, 151; horses, 583.

Bushels Indian corn produced, 5,927; wheat, 524; rye, 440; barley, 9,620; oats, 14,570; buckwheat, 405; potatoes, 61,891; turnips, 4,321; carrots, 613; beets, 1,904; apples, 11,033; beans, 979; peas, 314. Number of tons of upland hay, 5,366; intervale, 577; bog and salt, 17. Number of pounds of butter, 50,552; cheese, 4,093; honey, 2,172; maple sugar, 12. Gallons of maple syrup and molasses, 64. Value of poultry and eggs produced, $4,063. Number of sheep injured by dogs, 7; killed by dogs, 8; amount of damage to sheep by dogs, $28.

☞ We learn from the *Journal* that a wealthy lady of California visited this city lately, for the purpose of causing an interest among the people in behalf of the education of the children of deceased soldiers. She proposed to establish a State school and home for their benefit, and offered a contribution of two thousand dollars with an annual gift of a thousand dollars, providing the people would carry the enterprise through. Action upon the matter has been postponed for the present, during which the lady will visit some of our principal cities. It is a worthy enterprise in a good cause, and if the lady is acting in good faith, and is able to make her proposition good, should receive the support of all benevolent hearts and hands, and we hope it may be successful.

Fire in Hallowell. A fire broke out on Water street in Hallowell about ten o'clock on the night of the Fourth of July, during which the Exchange House and a brick store adjoining on the North, were destroyed. The Pacific Engine of this city went to the assistance of our neighbors, when the alarm was given, and the fire was extinguished without farther damage. The danger was imminent for a time, of an extensive conflagration. The origin of the fire we do not learn. It took in the second story of the hotel and had obtained considerable headway when discovered.

Escaped Drowning. A young man named Isaac Pierce, a hand on board the schooner Tillie, of Dighton, Capt. Danforth, lying at North's Wharf in this city, fell from the rail of the vessel on Monday noon into the river, and immediately sank to the bottom. A boat was instantly lowered and search made for him with a boat hook, which fortunately proved successful. When taken from the water he was entirely insensible, but soon recovered by the aid of the usual restoratives applied in such cases, by Drs. Hill and Briggs who were in attendance.

☞ From the letters of correspondents giving descriptions of the engagements at Gettysburg, we glean the following list of casualties thus far reported in Maine regiments: Capt. G. T. Stevens 5th Battery, severely but not dangerously wounded in both legs; Major S. P. Lee of the 3d Maine, arm amputated; Col. Walker, 4th Maine wounded; Major Eben Whitcomb 4th Maine, wounded; Dr. Alexander, 6th Maine wounded; Lt. Col. Fowler, 17th Maine, killed; Lieuts. Whither and Green; Sergt. Hall; G. L. Norton, Co. B, 17th Maine, wounded.

☞ Charles Knowles one of the persons killed in resisting the officers in the late affair in Detroit, was a mere boy, being only about eighteen years of age, and considered before entering the army, an honest lad, but companionship with a villain like Grant soon brought him to a bad end.

For the Maine Farmer.

### Letter from the Ninth Maine.

St. Helena Island, S. C., June 17th, 1862.

Messrs. Editors:—Allow me, through the columns of your valuable paper, to make a few suggestions concerning the 9th Maine. We cannot, perhaps, furnish an account of ourselves so interesting to the majority of your readers as some of our brother regiments, yet our own personal friends may read about us with interest.

We are now encamped upon St. Helena Island, about seven miles distant from Department Headquarters, at Hilton Head. We have a very pleasant locality, and the men are nearly all hardy and rugged. Col. Rich, who has been with us from the date of our entering the service, has recently resigned and gone home. He was much esteemed by the officers and men of the regiment, and in leaving he carries our hearty wishes for his future prosperity. Col. Emery, our present commander, is a man of fine military acquirements, and we feel confident that under his watchful care we shall be surpassed by no other regiment in the Department. Surgeon Palmer is also much esteemed for his gentlemanly bearing, and the skilful manner in which he practices his profession. His Sanitary regulations are such as will, if carried out, ensure his men against a large amount of sickness.

We have just received pay up to May 1st, and "green backs" are at a *discount*. Almost every man has taken his name from the allotment rolls; there was certainly some trouble about that matter, for our money was sometimes six months getting to our families, after we were paid here. I think the allotment roll a good thing, but badly managed. Many men whose families received their money before, will now be deprived of it.

We are now expecting every day, to get an order to "go to Charleston," or in the vicinity of that place. Gen. Gilmore, who has recently taken command of this Department, has already been "reconnoitering," and the talk is that another attempt will be made, more formidable and more determined than any heretofore. I think Gen. Gilmore will not suffer much inaction in this department. His indomitable energy accomplished the taking of Fort Pulaski, and we have no reason to think that he will not be active now. We are all anxious to *try* "Charleston" again, for we believe that we can accomplish the task of taking it.

The ironclad "Weehawken" captured the rebel ram "Fingal" on the evening of the 16th, off the mouth of the Ogeechee river; her crew are now confined in the "Provost guard house," at Hilton Head. The Fingal has made many efforts of late, to pass our blockade, and get to sea. She succeeded on the evening of the 14th, and the information was immediately sent to Commodore Dupont. He at once sent the Weehawken to protect our fleet. Her first shot carried away the Fingal's smokepipe, and killed her captain, when she immediately struck. Deserters and prisoners from Savannah and Charleston all tell the same story about their destitution. All troops in both these cities are upon quarter rations, with no clothes, and no prospect of getting any. Desertions from the rebel army are becoming quite frequent here; hardly a day passes without a "corporal's guard" from either Charleston or Savannah. They all evince a strong desire to see the end of the war.

The settlers here are in great consternation from fear of a draft. They are "skedaddling" from this Department as fast as transportation will allow. They don't fancy the idea of spending the summer wheeling sand on the Folly Island batteries.

I must not forget to say a word in regard to "farm labor" in this department. Quite a business is done here in that branch. Planters are raising cotton, rice, corn and sugar cane, and more than a fair crop will be gathered this fall. The negro women work upon the plantations while their husbands are "gone for soldiers." They all receive wages for their work, from the government agents. They seem contented and well pleased with the idea of supporting themselves. Many believe in Maine that white labor is out of the question here in the summer season, but the idea is erroneous. White men work upon the wharf here, side by side with the colored, and every one knows that one white man will do more work than two negroes. Now if white men can work upon the wharves here, why can they not work upon the farms. I think that could we "farm it" here as we do in Maine, a new face would appear on the matter. The land is extremely fertile here and very easily managed. Three hundred dollars worth of northern inventions would supply the place of ten negroes. Corn-planters and horse-hoes are as great a wonder to the negroes as Christopher Columbus was to the North American Indians. I think another revolution will spring up here in the South, which will astonish the old planters. They must, when the rebellion is ended, conform to the customs that are already encroaching upon their State. Men who have bought plantations here will carry them on in the most profitable way, and the southerners, seeing their thrift, will imitate their example, and thus will Yankee customs gradually work their way among the "chivalry."

I will now bring this short letter to a close. If you find it worthy of publication, I will try and write again as soon as there is any thing of interest.

Yours truly, Joannes.

Union State Convention. The State Convention at Bangor on Wednesday last, for the nomination of a Union candidate for Governor was the largest political gathering ever held in the State. It was composed of members of both political parties uniting upon common ground for the support of the Government in all its measures for the suppression of the rebellion. The number of delagates reported present was 1274. On the the second ballot Hon. Samuel Cony of Augusta was nominated for Governor by a vote 899 out of 991 thrown. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That in this critical and momentous period of the country's history it is the solemn duty of all loyal and patriotic citizens to take a firm stand in favor of the National Administration in conducting the war against the rebellion and vindicating the authority of the Union throughout its entire domain.

*Resolved*, That in sustaining the national authorities in this war for the salvation of the Union and the rights of men, we make no disorganizing opposition to the policy and measures of the Government, but unite as one man in sustaining its civil and military policy and measures, without qualification or reservation, and upon this issue there can be but two parties, patriots in favor, and traitors opposed.

*Resolved*, That those assemblages of northern citizens who wishing to make a diversion in favor of the rebellion, have feigned excessive indignation at the few arrests of persons engaged in discouraging the organization of a military force to defend the Constitution, while they have expressed no execration against the foe now invading the free States, and no commisseration for our fellow-citizens who have been robbed of their property and driven from their homes by a band of lawless conspirators against the Republic, have shown such misdirected sympathies and such utter lack of the first instincts of patriotism as to make them dangerous counsellors in the present crisis of the country.

*Resolved*, That Hon. H. Hamlin, Vice President of the United States, and our two Senators in Congress, be requested to repair to Washington immediately, for the purpose of urging upon the President the importance and necessity of placing along the coast a sufficient naval and military force to protect the commerce of this country from piratical demonstrations of the rebels, and to have the same accomplished in such a manner as shall be most efficient and expeditious.

Casualties in the 21st Maine. The following casualties are reported in the 21st Maine in the assault on Port Hudson on the 14th ult.:

*Killed*—Henry Linwell, shot through abdomen.
*Wounded*—C. F. Nichols, Co. G, finger; M. Ingraham, Co. E, side; B. F. Dunbar, Co. D, abdomen; E. B. Mayo, Co. B, hand; O. Lincoln, Co. F, finger; Corp. T. J. Tracy, Co. C, thigh; Lieut. G. W. Hubbard, thigh; O. Richards, Co. I, scalp.

Casualties in the 16th Maine. In the battle at Gettysburg, on Wednesday last, the following casualties of officers are reported in the 16th Maine, Col. Tilden:

*Killed*—Capt. Stephen C. Whitehouse.
*Wounded*—Capts. Atwood, Bennett, Waldron, and Lovell; Lts. Leavitt and Plummer.
*Missing*—Col. Tilden, Capt. Belcher, Lieuts. Wadsworth, Bisbee, Deering, Thompson, Childs, and Lord.

☞ The 13th Maine arrived at New Orleans from Pensacola on the 22d ult. and were thence sent up the Opelousas Railroad to reinforce the column at Thibodeauxville. The regiment numbered 750 men.

☞ The rebel steamer Victory, captured off Wilmington, N. C., by the U. S. steamer Santiago de Cuba June 21st, has arrived at Boston. Her cargo consists of 1000 bales of cotton.

### The Battle of Thursday.

The following brief but comprehensive report of the battle at Gettysburg, Pa., on Thursday last, is from the special despatches sent to the New York *Times* from the field of battle:

"This (Thursday) morning there were strong premonitions of an early engagement with the enemy in force, but the day wore away and no positive exhibition was made by the enemy. We began to think that perhaps there would be no immediate battle after all. We were hardly in a condition to give battle, as all our dispositions had not been made. Gen. Meade not having arrived on the ground until 2 o'clock in the morning. The position of our forces after the fight of Wednesday was to the eastward and southward of Gettysburg, covering the Baltimore pike, the Taneytown and Emmetsburg roads, and still being nearly parallel with the latter. The formation of the grounnd on the right and center was excellent for defensive purposes. On our extreme left the ground sloped off until the position was no higher than the enemy's. The ground in front of our line was a level, open country, interspersed here and there with an orchard or a very small tract of timber, generally oak, with the underbrush cut away. During the day a portion of the troops threw up temporary breastworks and an abattis. Gen. Meade's headquarters were at an old house on the Taneytown road, immediately in rear of the center.

Our line was not regular in shape. Indeed the center protruded out toward the enemy so as to form almost the two sides of a triangle. Before sundown General Meade's headquarters proved to be the hottest place on the battle-field, so far as careless shelling was concerned.

Gen. Howard occupied with his corps a beautiful cemetery on a hill to the south of Gettysburg. Cannons thundered, horses pranced, and men carelessly trampled over the remains of the dead. From this hill a beautiful view could be obtained of the valley, and also of a goodly portion of the enemy's line of battle.

Our forces had all been concentrated on Tuesday night save the Fifth and Sixth corps. The former arrived during the morning, and the latter soon after noon. They were all massed immediately behind our center.

Whether or no it was Gen. Meade's intention to attack I cannot say, but he was hardly ready for it before the afternoon of yesterday. The day had become almost dull. Skirmishing was now and then brisk, and the sharpshooters in the steeples and belfreys of the churches persistently blazed away at officers and artillery horses. It was by a sharpshooter in a barn just opposite Wadsworth's Division, yesterday, that Capt. Stevens of the Fifth Maine Battery got hit. A bullet passed through both legs below the knee, inflicting a severe, but not dangerous wound.

At 3 o'clock Gen. Meade had received sufficient assurances to justify him in the belief that the rebels were concentrating their forces on our left flank, which all felt to be secure under the protection of the invincible Third Corps. Our line was immediately strengthened on that flank, Gen. Sickles' corps being sent to its support, and several batteries from the reserve being brought out and placed in position.

At about 4½ o'clock P. M., the enemy sent his first compliments by a salvo of artillery, his first shells falling uncomfortably near Gen. Meade's headquarters. From this hour forth to 8½ o'clock, occurred by all odds one of the most sanguinary engagements yet chronicled in the annals of the war, considering its short duration. The artillery attack, which was made by the enemy on the left and centre, was rapidly followed by the advance of his infantry. The Third Corps received the attack with great coolness. The rebels at once made for our flank, and kept moving heavy columns in that direction. This necessitated support, which was quickly given by the Fifth corps, the division of Gen. Barnes being sent to the right, and that of Gen. Ayres, regulars to the left, with Gen. Crawford in reserve.

The battle now became perfectly fearful. The armies engaged each other at very short range, and for three long hours the war of musketry was incessant. I have heard more noise, and louder crashes, in other battles, but I never saw or heard of such desperate, tenacious fighting as took place on this flank. The enemy would often bring up suddenly a heavy column of men, and force our line back, only to be in turn forced back by our own line of glittering steel. Our gallant columns covered themselves with glory over and over again. They fought a superior force in numbers. The disposition of the enemy were very rapid, for look where you would on that field a body of rebels would be advancing. Our dispositions were equally rapid, and the enemy found more than their equal in such gallant veterans as Sickles and Birney and Humphreys. At half-past six Gen. Sickles was struck in the right leg by a piece of shell, and borne from the field. The injury was so great that amputation became necessary, and it was performed successfully, the limb being taken off below the knee.

The struggle grew hotter and hotter. The Second corps was called on for aid, and though its own position was strongly threatened, yet the First division, formerly General Hancock's, flung themselves into the fight with desperation, and after a long and obstinate conflict the enemy slowly and sullenly gave way. In this last charge the brigade of Gen. Caldwell, Second corps, and that of Col. Switzer from the Fifth corps, won great honors. The charges made by our men deserve special mention. The rebels made frequent attempts to capture our artillery, and at one time had Watson's battery in their possession, but it was retaken in a furious charge by Birney's division.

The battle lasted till fully 8½ o'clock, when the enemy fell back to his old position, and left our veterans the ensanguined victors of that field. Our pickets were thrown out, and our lines covered most of the field, including a great number of the enemy's dead and wounded.

I visited some portions of the line by moonlight and can bear personal witness to the terrible ferocity of the battle. In front of some of our brigades, who had good protection from stone walls or fences, the rebel dead laid piled in lines like winrows of hay. In front of Gen. Webb's—the Philadelphia—brigade, they lay so thick as to literally cover the ground. Not far from here was found the body of Gen. Barksdale, that once haughty and violent rebel, who craved as a dying boon a cup of water and a stretcher from an ambulance-boy. He is literally cut to pieces with wounds, and must die.

A great and magnificent feature of this fight was the splendid use of artillery. Though our line of battle was only a mile and a half long, yet almost every battery belonging to the Army of the Potomac was more or less engaged. Every one of the reserve batteries was brought into action, the positions for use being numerous. The enemy also used artillery largely, but not to near so great an extent as we did. From this they suffered immensely, and especially on the left, where canister was largely used. I believe we lost no artillery, unless it was two or three disabled pieces, though it was very wonderful we did not."

Missouri a Free State. Another State has been added to the constellation of free States. The State Convention of Missouri on the first of July, by a vote of 51 to 30 passed an act of emancipation, containing the following provisions:

That slavery or involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime, shall cease to exist in Missouri on the 4th of July, 1870, and all slaves within the State on that day are hereby declared to be free. Provided, however, that all persons emancipated by this ordinance shall remain under the control and be subject to their late owners or their legal representatives as servants during the following period, to wit: Those over forty years of age for and during their lives; those under twelve until they arrive at the age of twenty-three; and those of all other ages until the 4th of July, 1876. The persons or their legal representatives who, up to the moment of emancipation were owners of slaves hereby freed, shall, during the period for which the services of such freedmen are reserved to them, have the same authority and control over the said freedmen for the purpose of receiving possession and services of the same that are now held by the master in respect of his slave.

All slaves hereafter brought into the State and not now belonging to citizens of the State shall thereupon be free.

All slaves removed by consent of their owners to any seceded State, after the passage by such State of an act or ordinance of secession and thereafter brought into this State by their owners, shall thereupon be free.

The Cut Worm Remedy. We call our readers' attention to what is said to be a sure remedy for the cut worm in corn. It is to place a piece of common mullein on every fourth hill during the afternoon

# The Record of the War.

**The Invasion of Pennsylvania---The Rebels Return from York.**

COLUMBIA, Pa., June 30. S. S. Blair, train master on the Northern Central Railroad, left York at 8 o'clock this morning, when the rebels had all left except their rear guard, which was beginning to move off when he left. They are supposed to be moving toward Harrisburg. They left unexpectedly and in a hurry.

**The Enemy Retreating from Pennsylvania---A Rebel Train four Miles Long Captured.**

NEW YORK, June 30. A Harrisburg despatch to the *Herald* says a portion of Lee's army has advanced down the valley toward Shippensburg.

Gen. Ewen has moved to Troy and on the flank of the rebel advance before Harrisburg.

The enemy have been driven back nine miles from Mechanicsburg.

It is reported that Gen. Pleasanton and our force are in the vicinity of Gettysburg, and have captured a rebel train four miles long.

**Gen. Lee Preparing for a Fight with Gen. Meades' Army.**

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 30.---1 P. M. The city is now as quiet as though it were Sunday. There is no excitement in the city. The soldiers are all at their posts.

Yesterday four hundred cavalry belonging to Col. Pierce's command, late Milroy's had a fight with Imboden's cavalry at McConnellsburg, defeating them and driving them through the town.

Gen. Lee is now concentrating his army in the valley between Shippensburg and Chambersburg, evidently anticipating an attack from the army of the Potomac.

**Successful Cavalry Fight at Hanover, Pa.**

HARRISBURG, July 1---9.30 P. M. A battle took place yesterday at Hanover Junction between Pleasanton and the rebel cavalry. It lasted nearly the whole afternoon. The result was that the enemy lost 400 killed, wounded and prisoners, beside six pieces of artillery. Our loss is reported at 200.

**The Enemy Falling Back---Lee's Lines Cut by Meade---A Battle Imminent.**

COLUMBIA, June 30. I have reliable information that the enemy is falling back along the entire line. The city of York was evacuated last night or early this morning. Gen. Early is reported to have carried off a vast amount of money and stores. Deserters from the rebel army say that the rebels are concentrating for a great battle with Gen. Meade.

LANCASTER, June 30. The rebels have fallen back 10 miles from Harrisburg. Gen. Couch and staff have crossed the Susquehanna and occupy the south bank of the river. Gen. Meade occupies Hanover and York to-night, cutting the rebel lines in two. The rebels are rapidly concentrating in the interior. Gen. Pleasanton is making great havoc in the rear of the enemy's trains. A great battle is thought to be imminent.

**From Tennessee---Bragg's Army Driven to Tullahoma---Rosecrans in Pursuit.**

HEADQUARTERS Army of the Cumberland, Manchester, Tenn., June 28.

Gen. Reynolds at 8 A. M. yesterday took possession of this place. At 6 P. M. Gen. Granger occupied Shelbyville. The rebels, after a slight resistance, evacuated their several positions, retreating on the lines which Tullahoma is the concentric point.

The movement was begun on the 24th inst., in the midst of a heavy rain, which has continued ever since with but slight intermission. The enemy's advance posts were found on all the roads leading south, not more than nine miles distant from Murfreesboro'. On the left Butler's First Kentucky cavalry were driven rapidly through Hoover's Gap to Beech Grove, and had not time to place their artillery in the unfinished works in the Gap. Two companies were cut off and scattered among the hills. Stewart's division moved from Fairfield, on the alarm being given, to Beech Grove and engaged the head of Thomas's corps under Col. Wilder. A brisk engagement ensued, in which the enemy attempted to flank us, but were repulsed by the 17th Indiana volunteers with heavy loss. Our loss was about fifteen killed and fifty wounded. The fight lasted four hours.

On Friday Gen. Rosseau made a flank movement to the right for the purpose of getting upon the Fairfield road and cutting the rebels off from their line of retreat. The regular brigade had the advance of the flanking force and made a brilliant and rapid charge upon the rebel brigade of Bates, forming the rebel left, driving it in great confusion for a mile and causing the rebel right to hastily evacuate the Beach Grove works retreating in great haste toward Fairfield. They threw away everything but their guns, strewing the country with blankets and knapsacks. Gen. Rosseau pursued them to Fairfield and the enemy retreated thence to Tullahoma.

NEW YORK, June 30. A special dispatch to the *Tribune* from Manchester, Tenn., to-day says: "Our whole army is well concentrated at that point and advancing upon Tullahoma as fast as the wretched condition of the roads permit. It is certain the enemy is in strong force at Tullahoma, but the question whether they will contest our advance there is still unsettled. Col. Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry is trying to destroy the Chattanooga Railroad south of Tullahoma.

**The Siege of Vicksburg---A Rebel Fort Blown up.**

CHICAGO, June 30. A special Memphis despatch of the 29th says the steamer New Kentucky brings news from Gen. Logan's division at Vicksburg, which had taken an important fort from the enemy. He mined and blew up one corner on Saturday. This produced a breach in the walls, through which our troops entered. The rebels fought with reckless courage, but were forced to yield. Gen. Logan has already mounted two heavy guns.

Gen. Grant continues to contract his lines, and is daily making near approaches to the enemy's works.

**From Port Hudson---The Rebel Gen. Gardner Offers to Capitulate---Critical Condition of Gen. Banks.**

NEW YORK, June 30. The *Times* says: "A letter to a gentleman in this city has just been received, from which we give an extract. It comes from a gentleman in the Quartermaster's Department at Port Hudson, under Gen. Banks, and is direct from headquarters. It says:

"The rebel General in command of the works at Port Hudson has offered to to capitulate in case he be allowed to go out with side arms and other military privileges. This request was refused.

Passengers per steamer Columbia state that the bombardment had made but little impression on the Port Hudson works. The cautious movements of Gen. Banks indicated that he relied less for ultimate success on his troops than the lack of supplies in the garrison. The position of our army was such that the gunboats cannot co-operate, and all firing by them has ceased. There is said to be a large army under Magruder and Breckinridge in the rear of Gen. Banks, whose object seems to be to surround him or cut off his supplies. Magruder's force is estimated at 12,000 and Breckinridge's at 17,000.

**From New Orleans---Desperate Fight at La Fourche Crossing---The Enemy Repulsed.**

NEW YORK, June 30. The steamer Columbia, from New Orleans 24th has arrived.

The *Era* of the 23d states that the rebels made an attack on the 20th on the bridge at La Fourche Crossing, but were repulsed by our forces guarding it after a sharp encounter.

Further details of the fight show that our forces were posted in two positions by General Emory. Our force, less than 1000 strong under Colonel Stickney, defended the Crossing and were charged upon by three cavalry and one infantry rebel regiment, the rebels actually getting their hands upon our guns, but were gallantry repulsed, leaving fifty-three on the field and sixteen prisoners in our hands. Our forces were uniting to pursue the rebels. The rebel wounded is estimated at 250. Our loss is eight killed and sixteen wounded.

Subsequent information shows that the rebels lost 250 prisoners, including a rebel Colonel and a number of commissioned officers. Our pursuit was highly successful, the rebels making off in all speed, and a number of prisoners being captured. The rebel repulse was most decided and effectual.

**From Pennsylvania---A Severe Battle at Gettysburg on Wednesday---The Enemy Repulsed.**

BALTIMORE, July 2. We learn from the officers of Major Gen. Reynolds' staff that our forces passed through Gettysburg at 10 A. M. yesterday, and when a quarter of a mile north of the town they encountered Gens. Longstreet and Hill, who attacked the corps of Gen. Reynolds, which was in advance. This corps stood the force of the attack until it was relieved by the third corps, and a commanding position secured.

The rebels made a strong attempt to flank the position we had secured, but were repulsed in the attempt.

Gens. Reynolds and Paul fell under a volley from the rebel infantry. Both officers were mounted and at the head of their troops.

In the course of the conflict we fell back before superior numbers to a stronger post, and the fight ceased for the day at four o'clock.

At the close of the evening the whole army of the Potomac had reached the field, and Major Gen. Meade had all the corps strongly posted for a renewal of the fight this morning.

The loss of the enemy was considered fully equal to ours.

The Army of the Potomac is in fine condition, and very enthusiastic. Our loss of officers is severe.

BALTIMORE, July 2---11 P. M. I shall send you soon an account from the battle field near Gettysburg of yesterday's battle, which is very favorable. In the meanwhile, the cheering announcement has been made of the capture of a large number of prisoners, some of whom have arrived here and others are on the way. The number is stated at 6000, but this may be an exaggeration. Gen. Schenck has just announced at the Eutaw House that 2400 of them have arrived.

BALTIMORE 3d---1 A. M. We lean that nearly 1000 prisoners were captured on Wednesday by the 11th corps in their gallant charge on Longstreet's corps. They are said at first to have slightly faltered, but when Gen. Howard cried to them, "Remember Chancellorsville," they rushed into the fight like infuriated demons, and the whole line of the enemy gave way before them.

During the early part of the day, up to noon, when our informant left there had been no general battle, though heavy skirmishing had been going on all the morning, resulting in heavy loss to the enemy and the capture of over 500 prisoners.

In all these skirmishes, which were conducted by Gen. Meade, our arms were entirely successful, but the enemy studiously avoided any general engagement, and it was thought that there would be none before to-day, when it was said to be the intention of Gen. Meade to press the enemy along the whole line.

The prudence and skill displayed by General Meade in the management of his army, and the strategy evinced by him in coping with Lee has already won the confidence of his troops, and his presence drew forth the strongest demonstrations of attachment. The army evinced determination to win at all hazards, and had been strongly impressed by the officers with the dreadful consequences that would ensue to them and the country if disaster should occur to our arms in the coming conflict.

The enemy was rapidly concentrating troops yesterday, and Gen. Meade's whole army had reached the field of battle. Gen. Couch was expected to press down through Cumberland Valley on the enemy.

NEW YORK, July 3. Detailed accounts of the fight at Gettysburg appear in the *Herald* this morning, but all the material facts were telegraphed you last night. Our batteries were served splendidly, doing great damage to the rebels. A correspondent present at the battle says:

We fell back to a position south of the town cemetery, which Gen. Howard had first selected as the only good position that he could secure.

The rebels did not seem to think it best to attempt to dislodge us. The enemy occupied the town on our retirement, and their sharpshooters were stationed on the houses near us. The battle to-day was well fought. We had 22,000 against 50,000. Gen. Howard distinguished himself for bravery and composure while directing the details of battle. The 11th corps did more than all others. It lost 3000 men, double the loss of the 1st corps, which fought bravely.

**The Battle at Gettysburg Renewed on Thursday afternoon---The Enemy Gloriously Repulsed.**

WASHINGTON, July 3d. An official dispatch was received this P. M., from Gen. Meade, dated Headquarters Army of the Potomac, 11 P. M., July 2d, which says: The enemy attacked me about 4 P. M. this day, and after one of the severest fights of the war, was repulsed at all points. We have suffered considerably in killed and wounded. Among the former are Brig. Gens. Paul and Zook, and among the wounded, Gens. Sickles, Barlow, Graham and Warren, slightly. We have taken a large number of prisoners.

A later despatch has been received from Major General Meade, dated 8 o'clock this A. M., which says: The action commenced again at early daylight upon various parts of the line. The enemy thus far have made no impression on my position.

All accounts agree in placing their whole army here. Prisoners state that Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's corps were much injured yesterday, and had many general officers killed. Gen. Barksdale of Miss., is dead. His body is within our lines.

We have thus far about 1600 prisoners, and a small number not yet reported.

NEW YORK, July 3d. The *Times* despatch, dated on the battle field near Gettysburg, 3 A. M. 3d, says: At the close of my last despatch, 4 P. M. last night, the enemy had opened a heavy attack by artillery on our left and centre.

The tactics were soon apparent---a massing of their main strength on our left flank, which covered the Frederick road, with a determination to crush it. So intent were they on this purpose, that every other part of the lines were left alone. The fighting was most desperate on both sides. Our gallant men fought as they never fought before. We had against this great onslaught of the enemy the 2d, 3d and 5th corps. The 3d and 5th joined hands and fought heroically. The 2d ably supported them, and at the same time held its position.

One division of the 1st was also engaged. The fighting was so furious that neither party took many prisoners. The losses, considering the duration of the fight, were more than usually heavy on both sides.

Many of our gallant officers have fallen. General Sickles' right leg was shot off, amputation has been performed and he is doing well. Late in the evening Gen. Meade called a council of the corps commanders, and it was resolved to continue the fight as long as there was any one left to fight.

**Great Battle on Friday---The Enemy Driven from his Position with Great Loss.**

WASHINGTON, 4th.

HEADQUARTERS Army of the Potomac, Near Gettysburg, July 3---8.30 P. M.

*Major General Halleck, General-in-Chief:*

The enemy opened at 1 P. M., from about 150 guns concentrated upon my left and centre, continuing without interruption for about three hours, at the expiration of which time he assaulted my left and centre twice, being upon both occasions handsomely repulsed with severe loss to him, leaving in our hands nearly 3000 prisoners.

Among the prisoners is Brigadier General Armistead, and many Colonels and officers of lower rank.

The enemy left many dead upon the field, and a large number of wounded in our hands.

The loss on our side has been considerable.

Major General Hancock and Brigadier General Gibbons are wounded.

After repelling the assault, indications leading to the belief that the enemy might be withdrawing, an armed reconnoissance was pushed forward from the left, and the enemy found to be in force.

At the present hour all is quiet.

My cavalry have been engaged all day on both flanks of the enemy, harrasing and vigorously attacking him with great success, notwithstanding they encounter superior numbers, both of cavalry and infantry.

The army is in fine spirits.

(Signed) GEO. G. MEADE, Major General Commanding.

HANOVER, Pa. 4th, P. M. Last evening we drove the enemy back to Gettysburg.

Our lines this morning extend eight miles around Gettysburg, our batteries being on all the hills overlooking the town from the south.

We occupy Round Top Ridge, commanding the Chambersburg turnpike, and have cut off all the lines of their retreat.

Our forces occupy the strongest possible position. A flank movement on our left is impossible.

At about 8 o'clock last night the Florida brigade of Gen. Longstreet's division, with a brigadier general in command, advanced to our lines and gave themselves up with their colors.

A bearer of despatches to Gen. Lee has been captured. The despatches order Gen. Lee peremptorily to return to Richmond, and state that the movement into Pennsylvania was wholly against his wishes.

**Congratulatory Proclamation of President Lincoln to the Country.**

WASHINGTON, 4th---10.30 A. M.

The President to the Country:

The President announces to the country that the news from the army of the Potomac up to 10 P. M. of the 3d is such as to cover the army with the highest honors, to promise a great success to the cause of the Union, and to claim the condolence of all for the many gallant fallen, and that for this he especially desires that He whose will, not ours, should ever be done, be everywhere remembered and reverenced with the profoundest gratitude.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

**Particulars of the Terrible Battle of Friday---Great Slaughter and Glorious Victory.**

NEW YORK, 5th. The *Herald's* account of Friday's battle says the attack on our left raged fiercely for three hours, when the enemy fell back, yielding to us the battlefield of that morning as well as the previous day. At the same time a tremendous effort was made by the rebels to turn our right and gain a position on a mountain commanding our position of Seminary Hill, but the unflinching bravery of the 12th corps, aided by the terrible fire of our artillery, checked them about 11 A. M. At a critical juncture one or two New York brigades arrived and were thrown into position on our right. Thus determined the fate of the day. The rebels quailed and retreated slowly, fighting at every step, the battle raging for hours, when the rebels abandoned the field. The rebels soon after massed in our front, when the assault opened along the entire line, but our victorious forces drove them back at 5 o'clock. After twelve hours incessant fighting the contest terminated, our troops being victorious at every point, with the entire battlefield in our possession. We took thousands of prisoners.

At the close of the action Gen. Lee had the impudence to send in a flag of truce asking a suspension of hostilities to bury his dead and exchange prisoners. Gen. Meade replied that he intended to re-capture all prisoners, and would bury their dead for him. Failing in his attempt to gain time, the enemy precipitately fled to the mountains, leaving their guard and sentinels.

This (Saturday) morning upwards of 1100 stragglers were taken at Gettysburg, besides our wounded who fell into the enemy's hands on Wednesday.

Gen. Pleasanton started at daybreak on Saturday with artillery in pursuit of the rebels, and at last accounts was pressing them hard.

Both sides have lost heavily, probably aggregating 50,000, 20,000 Union, and 30,000 rebel. We have captured from 12,000 to 20,000 prisoners, more that quadruple what the rebels have captured.

NEW YORK, July 5th. A Washington despatch to the *Mercury* says it is now confidently expected that Lee will not only be vanquished, but his whole army is cut off from retreat by a large army of Federal troops which marched from Bloody Run yesterday to co-operate with Gen. Kelly's increased force for that purpose.

A Baltimore despatch to the *Mercury*, dated the 4th, says: When the firing ceased on Thursday night, our victorious army covered the enemy's ground, holding command of the battle field. A rebel flag of truce was denied, and Friday morning found our army reinforced by the 6th and 12th corps.

On Friday morning the ball was opened by Gen. Gray in taking some rifle pits from the rebels on our extreme right. The firing was general up to one o'clock, when Ewell concentrated all his artillery upon our left centre, which was commanded by General Hayes.

The rebels followed their artillery assault by a tremendous infantry assault, coming up in masses in close column, by division. Our men stood like immovable hosts. On came the rebels rushing like demons towards our guns, while the canister from our batteries told fearfully among their ranks. They reached within twenty yards of our guns, while vollies went crashing among them, dealing death and scattering them.

The slaughter was fearful. Our 3d and 5th corps now joined. One division alone took ten battle-flags from the rebels.

In this move of the enemy, a panic seemed to seize them, they laid down on the ground to escape our fire, and supplicatingly held up white pieces of paper in token of surrender. We took several thousand of them prisoners, and crowds of stragglers came into our lines giving themselves up.

Hancock's corps now flanked the field, when crowds of disorganized rebels threw down their arms and surrendered, while the field fell into our possession, strewn with wounded, battle-flags and arms.

The result amounted to a rout, and cavalry was sent out to harvest the stragglers.

A despatch dated Hanover 4th, says the battle of the 3d raged with varying fortunes until 12 o'clock, when our forces commenced driving the enemy. They fought desperately during every foot of their retreat, hurling themselves against our columns with savage perseverance, which was resisted by immortal courage.

Up to 7 o'clock last evening, Gen. Meade had driven the rebels about three miles northwest from the position of the morning, and is still following them up.

NEW YORK, July 4th. The *Herald* has just issued the following in an extra:

GETTYSBURG, 4th. The greatest and most glorious battle of the war. The rebels completely routed. Longstreet and Hill in our hands.

The fighting yesterday was beyond all parallel. They attempted to turn both our right and left flanks and afterwards attacked our centre, but were repulsed on all hands. They then made a general attack along the whole line, but were defeated terribly. The victory of the Union army is complete. The enemy is in full retreat and is pursued by the Union troops.

WASHINGTON, 5th. The following has just been received:

FREDERICK, July 4---8 P. M.

To Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

An expedition sent out by me last night has just returned, having entirely destroyed the enemy's pontoon bridges over the Potomac at Williamsport. We captured the guard, consisting of a Lieutenant and thirteen men.

(Signed,) W. H. FRENCH, Major Gen.

**From Tennessee---Gen. Rosecrans at Tullahoma---The Rebel Army Retreating to Chattanooga.**

WASHINGTON, July 2. The following was received this evening:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE CUMBERLAND. Tullahoma, Tenn., June 28, via. Murfreesboro', July 2.

*To Major Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief:*

I telegraphed to you on Sunday the occupation of Shelbyville and Manchester. On Monday it rained all day, rendering the roads impassable. It was found impossible to move our artillery, or to get our troops into position until this morning, when a general advance was ordered.

Gen. Thomas yesterday made a reconnoissance on two roads and Gen. McCook on one road, reporting the enemy in force at this place with the addition of Buckners division, which arrived Monday evening,

On advancing this forenoon it was found that the enemy had fled in haste last night, much demoralized, leaving strong fortifications and their siege guns in our possession. They took the direction of Winchester, Tennessee.

Gen. Thomas should be on their flank to-night. Gen. Sheridan and Brannan marched into town at 11 30 to-day, taking a few prisoners.

(Signed) W. S. ROSECRANS, Major General.

**Capture of Blockade Runners.**

WASHINGTON, 5th. Capt. Manchard of the U. S. steamer Lackawana, reports to the NAVY DEPARTMENT, under date of June 14th, that the new paddlewheel steamer Neptune of Glasgow, bound from Havana to Mobile, was captured after a run of 109 miles. During the chase, most of her cargo was thrown overboard, as well as the mail and the principal part of her ship papers.

Another report from Capt. Manchard, dated at sea June 25th, says the rebel steamer Planter of Mobile was captured with a cargo of 625 bales of cotton and 124 barrels of rosin. During the chase some 60 or 80 bales of cotton was thrown overboard and several barrels of rosin was burned.

The rebel sloop John Westley was captured on the 13th laden with cotton.

# Foreign News.

**THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.**

The steamer North American from Liverpool 18th and Londonderry 19th passed Farther Point July 1st, en route to Quebec.

Mr. Slidell, the Envoy of the Confederate States, has had a very long correspondence with the Emperor of France. The emperor sent for him and had a private interview with him at breakfast, and did not part with him until the Council of Ministers had assembled. This interview has given strength to the rumor that a renewed offer of mediation in American affairs by the Emperor Napoleon is likely to be the result of the fall of Puebla.

Warlike rumors arising out of the Polish question are again prevalent at Paris. Several Russian papers fully anticipate war with France.

CRACOW, June 20. Weilinski, with 140 Polish insurgents, have cut their way through 600 Russians, by whom they were surrounded. Bonesa and his followers have had a skirmish with a cavalry force at Gory. The losses on both sides are trifling. Bonesa was wounded. The Cossacks of the Don are discontented, and intend to return to their own country with the large quantity of booty they have obtained.

☞ Mansfield's Dispensatory says that most of the Sarsaparilla of the shops is inert and worthless. Dr. Ayer in his writings on this drug states that not only is it inert as found in the shops, but so also are most of the preparations from it, or bearing its name. He shows, however, that this fact arises from the use of worthless varieties, or unskilful preparations by incompetent men; that the true Medicinal Sarsaparilla (Sarza Smilax off,) of the tropics, when freshly gathered in the bud, is one of the most effectual alteratives we possess. Combined with other substances of great alterative power, like Iodine, Stillingia, Dock, &c., it makes Ayer's Comp. Ext. of Sarsp., which we have reason to believe is one of the most effectual remedies for humors, skin diseases and for purifying the blood which has ever yet been found by anybody.---*Bangor (Me.) Mercury.*

DROWNED. Fell from a wharf and drowned in Rockland, on June 29th, a son of J. H. Lewis, aged 8 years.

# The Markets.

**AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.**

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Flour, | $7 50 to 10 50 | Round Hog. | $5 00 to 6 00 |
| Corn Meal, | 1 05 to 1 15 | Clear Salt Pork, | 9 00 to 10 00 |
| Rye Meal, | 1 20 to 1 35 | Mutton, | 6 to 10 |
| Wheat, | 1 62 to 2 00 | Turkeys, | 10 to 12 |
| Rye, | 90 to 95 | Chickens, | 10 to 12 |
| Corn, | 93 to 95 | Geese, | 7 to 10 |
| Barley, | 70 to 75 | Clover seed, | 10 to 15 |
| Beans, | 2 50 to 3 25 | Herdsgrass, | 2 50 to 2 75 |
| Oats, | 60 to 65 | Red Top, | 75 to 80 |
| Potatoes, | 30 to 40 | Hay, | 14 00 to 16 00 |
| Dried Apples, | 6 to 8 | Lime, | 85 to 1 00 |
| Cooking " | 25 to 50 | Fleece Wool, | 45 to 60 |
| Winter " | 40 to 50 | Pulled Wool, | 50 to 60 |
| Butter | 16 to 18 | Sheep Skins, | 1 75 to 2 25 |
| Cheese, | 12 to 16 | Hides, | 6½ to 7 |
| Eggs, | 14 to 16 | Calf Skins, | 14 to 15 |
| Lard, | 12 to 14 | Lamb Skins, | 75 to 1 00 |

**BRIGHTON MARKET---July 1.**

At market, 1200 Beeves, 190 Stores, 2000 Sheep and Lamb, and 700 Swine.

PRICES---*Market Beef*---Extra $9,00; first quality $8,50; second do., $7,50; third do. $6,00.

*Working Oxen*---None.

*Milch Cows*---$43 @ $49; common $19 @ $21.

*Veal Calves*---$6,00 @ $7,00.

*Yearlings*---none; two years old, none; three years old $24 @ $26.

*Hides*---8 @ 8½c. *Calf Skins* 12 @14c. ℔ lb.

*Tallow*---Sales at 8c @ 8½c ℔ lb.

*Pelts*---50 @ 75.

*Sheep and Lambs*---$3,50 @ $4,00; extra 4,50, @ 5 50.

*Spring Pigs*---Wholesale, 7c; retail, 8 @ 10c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight, agreed on by the parties, varying from 28 to 34 ℔ cent.

**BOSTON MARKET....July 3.**

FLOUR---The market is steady but quiet for Flour, and the sales have been at $5,00 @ $5,25 for Western superfine; $5,50 @ $6,00 for common extras; $6,25 @ $7,00 for medium do.; and $7,25 @ $9,25 for good and choice brands, including favorite St. Louis.

CORN---Western mixed, 84 @ 85c, per bushel.

OATS---Western and Canada, 78 @ 80c ℔ bushel.

RYE---$1 12 ℔ bushel.

HAY---Sales of Eastern at $15½ @ $16.

WOOL---Fleece and pulled Wool. 65 @ 70 ℔ lb.

**NEW YORK MARKET.....July 6.**

FLOUR---State and Western continues dull and unsettled; Superfine State $4,60 a $5,00; extra $5,60 a 5,80; choice, 5,85 a 6,00; round hoop Ohio $5,90 a 6,00; superfine Western 4,65 a 5,00; extra Western 5,50 a 5,80; Southern 6 cents lower---mixed to good $6,10 a $6,85; fancy and extra $6,90 a 9,25; Canada 10 a 20c lower---common 5,95 a 7,35; extra $5,85 a $7,50.

Wheat opened dull and 1 a 2 cents lower---Chicago spring $1,20 a 126; Milwaukie club $133 @ $1 42; red winter western $1 44 @ $1,47; Canada club 1 10 @ $1 17.

Corn 1 a 2c lower---mixed western 71c @ 72c.

Barley---Not quoted.

# Special Notices.

**WOLFE'S**

**AROMATIC SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS.**

A universal curative in CONSUMPTION; removing the Tubercles, healing the Ulcers, and removing the cough.

Recommended by the Medical Faculty as a Catholicon in the removal of DYSPEPSIA in all its forms.

In DROPSY its established curative properties have long been without a rival, as attested by universal medical testimony.

The Diuretic and Solvent properties of the "Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps," render it decidedly efficacious in GRAVEL and all other affections of Kidneys.

In GOUT and RHEUMATISM, if taken in the form of warm punch, the patient lying warmly covered in bed, this pure alcoholic distillation will effect a speedy cure.

Taken as hot punch, in HUMORAL and SPASMODIC ASTHMA, it affords immediate relief from the distressing symptoms.

By its peculiar and specific qualities, it arrests the cold stage in AGUE and FEVER, and prepares the system for the administration of the adm ited curatives of this disease.

Administered in CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, and COLIC, it removes spasm, restores the function of the Liver, and rapidly produces healthy secretions. It should be taken mixed with hot water and sugar.

As a NERVINE, a TONIC and a PURIFIER of the blood, a trial of fifteen years in all climates and under all circumstances, has stamped it with universal approbation.

Peculiarly adapted to the complaints of delicate FEMALES it stands pre-eminent among the established curatives of the day.

It is the only alcoholic preparation, in our country, that can be, generally, imbibed with pleasure and safety; never even when taken to excess, producing headache or other unpleasant consequences.

Sold, handsomely wrapped in yellow papers, in pint and quart bottles, by all Druggists, Apothecaries and Grocers in the United States. Purchase from the advertised agents to prevent imposition, in counterfeits and imitations, as the whole country is flooded with them.

**BOURBON WHISKEY,**

BOTTLED BY

**UDOLPHO WOLFE.**

Warranted pure and of the best quality, with the proprietor's name on the cork, and a fac-simile of his signature on the label. For sale by F. W. KINSMAN, Augusta, Me. 3m25

**HAIR DYE! HAIR DYE!!**

BATCHELOR'S celebrated HAIR DYE *is the best in the World.* The only harmless, true and reliable Dye known. This splendid Hair Dye is perfect---changes Red, Rusty or Gray Hair, instantly to a *Glossy Black* or *Natural Brown*, without injuring the hair or staining the skin, leaving the hair soft and beautiful; imparts fresh vitality, frequently restoring its pristine color, and rectifies the ill effects of Bad Dyes. The Genuine is signed WILLIAM A. BATCHELOR, all others are mere imitations, and should be avoided. Sold by all Druggists, &c. FACTORY---81 BARCLAY STREET, N. Y.

Batchelor's New Toilet Cream for Dressing the Hair. 1y30

**THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.**

Published for the benefit, and as a warning and CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, etc., supplying at the same time, THE MEANS OF SELF CURE. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense and injury through medical humbug and quackery.

By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author. NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., 1y23 Bedford, Kings County, N. Y.

**QUACKERY!**

I earnestly caution all young men suffering from Nervous Debility, &c., against endangering their health by patronising any of the advertising quacks. You can fully recover by the methods used by the Advertiser, and by hundreds of others, and in no other way. Read a letter which I will send you if you send me a postpaid envelope bearing your address. Direct to EDWARD H. TRAVER, 3m18 Lock Box, Boston, Mass.

**DUTCHER'S LIGHTNING FLY-KILLER.**

Supplies a want felt by every good house-keeper. Every sheet will kill a quart where flies are thick. Remember that it is DUTCHER'S that does this, and refuse the baseless imitations that are offered. The real article is for sale by all respectable Druggists.

H. H. HAY, Portland, Wholesale Agent.

☞ See a woman in another column picking Sambucl Grapes for Speer's Wine. It is an admirable article, used in hospitals and by the first families in Paris, London and New York, in preference to old Port Wine. It is worth a trial, as it gives great satisfaction. 6tf

# Married.

In Augusta, July 3d, by Rev. Mr. Ingraham, Charles H Lord to Sara Coffin, both of A.

In Waterville, July 5th, by Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham, Theo. Bailey of Sidney, to Mary S Titcomb of Belgrade.

In China, June 28th, by A. H. Abbott, Esq., William H. Fairbrother to Harriet A. Clifford, both of C.

In Whitefield, June 14th, by Rev. S. K. Partridge, Marcellus Boyinton to Marietta Milliken, both of Jefferson.

In Portland, J. Fairfield Phillips to Mary W Hutchinson.

In Lovell, Israel Foster to Mrs. Nancy McAllister.

In Windham, William Knight, Jr., to Emily S. Coolbroth.

In Leeds, John F. Gill to Francena A. Lane, both of Livermore.

In Gardiner, Robert Cleaves to Emily A. Wakefield.

In Pittston, Samuel G. Smith to Sarah M. Hunt.

In Biddeford, Prentice M. Hill of Kennebunkport, to Mrs. Melinda Tarbox.

In Searsport, C. C. Ridley of Prospect, to Mary S. Kneeland of Stockton.

In Monroe, Horace F. Knowlton to Frances M. Nickerson, both of Swanville.

In Prospect, Jeremiah Clark to Lizzie Perkins.

In Bucksport, George W. Shute of Stockton, to Maria E. Whitmore of Verona.

# Died.

In East Winthrop, June 25th, Wm. H. Whitney, aged 29 years 9 months

In Windsor, June 18th, Esther Lynn, widow of Joseph Lynn, aged 75 years 9 months.

In Monmouth, May 19th, Col. Joseph Loomis, aged 66 years 11 months.

In Mt. Vernon, July 4th, Dr. S. W. Chase, aged 53 years.

In Auburn, Sanders Lace, aged 64 years.

In Gorham, Gen. James Irish, aged 87 years.

In Rockland, Charles W. Clark, aged 35 years 5 months.

In Franklin, Hannah, wife of Joshua Jellison, aged 73 years.

In Brooklin, William K. Babson, aged 28 years.

In Tremont, Lois, widow of the late Joshua Marshall, aged 6 years; widow Hannah Murphy, aged 98 years.

In Portland, Samuel P. Ingraham, aged 67 years; Daniel Goold, aged 87 years

In Greene, Jennette F. Cutter, aged 29 years.

In Kennebunkport, Capt. Joshua Dowaing, aged 72 years.

In Milford, George Wyman, aged 67 years.

In Waterville, Mrs. Maria M., wife of the late Lieut. Col. Heath, aged 25 years.

**POCKET BOOK LOST.**

Between Belgrade Depot and Belgrade Hill, on the 22d day of May, containing $4 in money, three notes of hand against Benj. Copp, one against Henry Norcross, and several other notes against different persons. All persons are cautioned against purchasing said notes, as payment of the same has been stopped. A liberal reward will be paid for its recovery.

2w30* GORHAM BURGESS.

**FREEDOM NOTICE.**

I hereby give notice that I, Josiah W. Marden of Palermo, do this day relinquish to my son CHARLES J MARDEN, his time to transact business for himself until he becomes of age. I shall claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date. J. W. MARDEN.

Witness: S. L. MARDEN. 3w30*

Palermo, April 21, 1863.

**NOTICE.**

The subscriber has established a CHAIN FERRY AT GETCHELL'S CORNER, VASSALBORO', for the accommodation of the public. Rates of Toll at the most reasonable prices. Residence close at the Ferry. JEREMIAH ESTES.

Vassalboro,' July 3, 1863. 3w30

**WANTED---1,000 COAT MAKERS.**

Constant employment given to good Coat Makers, and cash paid when work is returned. Also two girls to learn to work on Pressing Machines, to whom good wages will be paid.

Q. L. SMITH.

Mt. Vernon, July 3, 1863. 3w30

**A SURE CURE FOR FEMALE WEAKNESS.**

This is the best medicine known, made from an Indian recipe, entirely vegetable, and a certain cure without the aid of Supporters.

Read the following testimonials;

NORTH JAY, Me., Jan. 18, 1862.

MRS. BELCHER: I cannot say enough in favor of your medicine, for you may judge: I had been sick five years, three years of which I have worn Supporters. I tried nearly everything, with little or no benefit. As soon as I began to take your medicine, I began to gain. Four bottles cured me. I am so thankful to think I have regained my health, it seems as though I could not say enough to you or my female friends in its favor. Respectfully yours,

MISS JANE B. BARTLETT.

RANDOLPH, MASS., Oct. 10, 1862.

MRS. BELCHER: I had been a sufferer for seven years before I knew about your medicine. I had no faith, for I had tried various kinds of medicine, and several physicians, and was only relieved for a short time. I will cheerfully say to you and the public, I have tried this valuable female medicine, and experienced a cure, without the aid of supporters, from three bottles.

Very respectfully, MRS. G. H. WINSETT.

Prepared and sold by MRS. LINUS BELCHER, Randolph, Mass., to whom all letters of inquiry should be addressed.

For sale by GEO. C. GOODWIN & Co., No. 38 Hanover St., and by REDDING & Co., No. 8 State St., Boston, Mass., and Mrs. LEWIS PACKARD, North Jay, Me. Price $1 per bottle. 30

**FARM AND TIMBER LAND FOR SALE.**

The subscriber offers for sale all of his real estate in Mariaville, on the road leading from Jordan's Corner to Bangor, distant 20 miles, and 14 from Ellsworth, consisting of 286 acres of excellent farming land, most of it entirely free from stones; about 50 acres cleared in mowing, tillage and pasture; about 25 tons of hay average crop. The balance is covered with a heavy growth of timber, hemlock, spruce and hard wood. There are two streams running through said land, (tributaries to the Union river,) one on each side and about 40 or 50 rods from the buildings, one of which has an excellent water power, if improved, for mills; both streams have a considerable extent of intervale, which, when cleared, will produce 2 tons of hay to the acre, and both have logs drove in them thence to Ellsworth, every spring at an expense of 75 cts. per 1000 feet. The hemlock bark on said land is estimated at 450 or 500 cords.

The buildings are ten years old, well finished, and in good repair, house 28x36, L 21x40, shed 16x26, joining the L with the barn, which is 35x56, and two sheds attached, house and L one and a half stories. Good water and a living spring for rain water in the cellar, with pump in the sink. Also the farm stock, 3 cows, 3 heifers, 2 steers, 1 colt, a span of team horses, 21 sheep, together with wagons, sleds, sleigh, &c.

The above will be sold at a bargain to the purchaser, all together or in lots to suit the purchaser, if applied for before the first of October next. Terms, one-fourth cash, balance in three years. For further information, address,

2m30 JONATHAN BARKER, Mariaville, Me.

**KENNEBEC COUNTY**---*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1863.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of MORRILL STANLEY, late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of July next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURT

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

# Poetry.

## THE VACANT CHAIR.

BY EMELINE S. SMITH.

Musing by my cheerful fireside
On this quiet winter night,
Shapes of grace, and hues of beauty,
Meeting, everywhere, my sight;
Peace and comfort smiling round me,
Yet my spirits are not light.

For my glances still are turning
To a little vacant chair,
Standing idly in the corner—
Ever standing idly there;
Once it held a little maiden,
Very dear, and very fair.

Ah! the sad and sudden changes
Breaking into life's bright dream,
Sweeping like the storm-cloud's darkness
O'er the lately-tranquil stream;
Or a note of wildest discord
Into music's sweetest theme.

In the fullest tide of rapture,
In my life's serenest hour,
When my spirit sang within me
Like a bird in summer bower,
Came this tempest sweeping o'er me,
Came with desolating power.

Then a voice of tender sweetness
Died away in plaintive sighs;
Then a face of gentle beauty
Faded from my yearning eyes,
And a spirit pure and sinless
Mounted to its native skies.

Oh! the sorrow of that moment;
Oh! the weary, weary pain,
Pressing, like an iron fetter,
Close on throbbing heart and brain,
Waking thoughts of gloom and madness
Like the captive's heavy chain.

Years have passed, and grief's wild torrent
Now hath slowly ebbed away;
Years have passed, and resignation,
Smiling, bids me trust and pray;
Yet a memory, sad and sacred,
Trembles at my heart alway.

Ever, as the shades of twilight
Wrap the world in tender gloom,
Comes a welcome, fairy vision,
Stealing into my lonely room—
Seeming, like a ray of sunshine,
All the darkness to illume.

Then the little chair beside me
Rocketh softly to and fro;
Then fond eyes to mine are lifted;
Then sweet accents round me flow,
Till again my dreaming spirit
Drinks the bliss of long ago.

Radiant vision, do not vanish!
Stay, oh! stay, to bless and cheer.
While thy tender eyes are on me,
And thy loving tones I hear,
All earth's pain and sorrow leave me,
All heaven's joy seems hovering near.
—*Home Journal.*

# Our Story-Teller.

## My Adventures as Colporteur.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

One day, as I was sitting on the lounge in uncle's study, talking to Bertha about the last new novel of Mrs. Braddon, a ring came at the bell which sounded exactly like mother's, though it was the most unlikely thing in the world that she would come over at that time, because it was Thursday, and Thursday is baking day at the parsonage; and though Ann is a very good cook, mother never likes to trust her to make the nicest cakes, or to see to the pastry. However, mother it proved to be, and Bertha had just time to tuck Mrs. Braddon (of whom mother does not approve) under the sofa cushion, when the door opened, and she entered, followed by Aunt Betsey. I know the expression I have used, sounds as though we hid the authoress herself under the cushion, but of course I mean the book.

Mother and Aunt Betsey both looked very important, and each carried a shopping-basket brimful of something, and apparently quite heavy. These they deposited on a table, and sat down, exchanging glances which I could not comprehend.

"Are all quite well at home?" I asked.

"Quite," replied mother. "The Rev. Willoughby Brown is visiting us at present, and I do hope you'll find time to run over and see us before he goes. His conversation is very improving."

"I feel as though I could bury myself in the earth when he talks of those self sacrificing creatures who have done so much for the church," said Aunt Betsey. "And I'm very, very sorry that youthful levity prevented me from accepting the hand of young Oliver Gypsum, years ago, and going out with him as missionary."

"Is that the same Mr. Gypsum who is a widower for the fifth time, and has recently paid so much attention to the Widow Timkins?" inquired mother.

"Yes, Jane," answered Aunt Betsey. "He has found five partners willing to share his labors. He told me, when he offered himself, that he was well aware that no woman's constitution could stand the trying climate more than three years, and that if I became his wife he should make up his mind to see my earthly trials ended in that time. He didn't look to this life for happiness, he said, and he hoped I did not either."

"The first Mrs. Gypsum only lived two years," said mother. "I have read her biography."

"And the next only one," said Aunt Betsey; "but you know Jane, she was very badly used by the natives. They set her up once, and threw little poisoned darts at her, like a target; and she had to hide in a jungle, or some such place, three nights and days, and came very near being caught by a tiger, and she caught an awful fever. All her hair came out, and there was no one to take care of her but a converted Hindoo woman, who stole all her clothes and ran away; and there she lay on a mat, on the mud floor, without even a mouthful of water to drink, until Mr. Gypsum, who had been away to argue with Rajah, or somebody of that sort, returned. She had just time to tell him what had happened, when she died."

"How old was she?" asked mother.

"Just eighteen when she left this world," replied aunt.

"Mercy!" ejaculated Bertha. "Why, I thought she must be some horrid old maid——"

Here Bertha paused, and looked frightened, remembering the fact of Aunt Betsey's spinsterhood.

Mother frowned.

"Very few young girls would have married with such a self-sacrificing life before them," she said. "I don't wonder you fancied she was of mature age."

"That's exactly what I meant—exactly, Miss Betsey," said Bertha. "I thought she was a lady of mature age."

"A mere child," said Aunt Betsey; and so was I when Mr. Gypsum proposed that I should share his labors."

"And ain't you glad you did'n, Miss Betsey?" said Bertha.

"It is a source of the deepest regret," replied aunt.

"Regret! Why, you wouldn't have been alive now," cried Bertha.

"Ah, I suppose not; but I should have been worthy of a biography," replied Aunt Betsey. "I never see one of those five memoirs, bound all alike in blue and gold, but I think mine might have been among them. Ah!"

"And do you think any of 'em did any good?"

"Any good! What do you mean, child? Of course they did."

But that second Mrs. Gypsum: you say the converted Hindoo woman robbed her, and the others tortured her. What wretches they must have been"

"Nevertheless, one circumstance proves that she had touched even the thievish woman's heart," said Aunt Betsey. "It is particularly mentioned in the memoir that although Goonoo carried off all Mrs. Estelle Gypsum's underclothing, every dress she had, and her very shoes and bonnet, she left not only the bibles, but the tracts and hymn-books. Any good! I wish you could go to Mr. Gypsum's house, now that he has returned, and see the fine portraits hanging on the walls in the back parlor. And then read their diaries, and their biographies! You'd not ask, after that, if they had done any good."

"Yet, after all, Aunt Betsey," said I, "could we not accomplish as much by staying at home? Are there not people who need instruction in our own city, close at our very doors?"

"A remark to the point," said mother. "My very opinion."

And rising, she went toward the shopping-bags, lifted them, turned them bottom upwards, and left upon the table an immense pile of tracts.

"There," said mother, "you have admitted that you *can* do good in your own neighborhood. Now do it. I should certainly forbid you to keep house for your Uncle Clover if I thought it would stand in the way of what should be your highest ambition. There are five hundred tracts. Distribute 'em."

I looked aghast, but as I knew mother was right, I controlled my emotions as well as I could, and said nothing; though, for one who absolutely trembles at the thought of calling upon a new acquaintance, it was a dreadful ordeal.

"You'll begin to-morrow," said mother.

Yes, ma'am," I answered.

"And you'll not shrink at a little exertion, nor be repulsed by ill natured faces; and you'll go to the very dirtiest houses without exhibiting repugnance, and talk a little to the poor creatures, and try to make them go to church, won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And Miss Budd will go with you."

"If she only would."

"O, Yes, I'll go!" said Bertha, and that set my heart at ease wonderfully.

We had an early tea, and Uncle Clover, who came home pretty soon, saw mother and Aunt Betsey to the stage; and when Bertha and I carried the tracts up into my bedroom, she also left me, promising to be over early the next day, ready for our expedition.

We started, just as the clock struck ten, each with a bundle in one hand and a parasol in the other, and, as I had promised mother, made straight for the very shabbiest houses. At first we entered a little candy shop, with just space enough between the door and counter to contain our crinoline, and I gave a little rap, which summoned to our presence a woman with a very dirty face, and a nelected baby in her arms.

"What's wantin' miss?" she said, and then she hic-coughed in a way which proved that the smell of gin which prevaded the store did not come from any neighboring distillery.

"Will you accept a tract?" I said politely.

"Thankee, miss," replied the woman. "I'll take as many as you can spare. I'm always glad to get 'em, or anything else in the paper way."

I *was* pleased, and I smiled as I picked out a dozen interesting ones.

"I'm glad you take such an interest in these things," I said, handing them over.

"Yes." said the woman, as she took them; "paper is scarce, now-a-days, you know. These comes mighty handy. There ain't nothin' like 'em for peppermint drops. They'll do all my customers to-day. I never wraps up for children, and grown people ain't so plenty. Thank ye."

"Do you really mean to wrap up candies in them?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Of course," replied the woman.

"But you'll read 'em first?"

"Well, you see," replied the woman, supporting herself by the counter, "I was always kinder sickly when I was a child, and I didn't go to school much, so I don't adzactly know how to read, or else I would."

I was in despair. This was the result of my first effort, and without another word I followed Bertha Budd out of the shop, and, gathering up my dress, ascended the first flight of stairs. The dirt was an inch thick on them, and I knocked at a rickety old door. Somebody called "Come in!" and in we went. There was no carpet on the floor and no glass in the windows. A line swung across one end of the apartment, on which was suspended a red flannel shirt dripping wet, with a pool of water beneath it. An old table, two or three chairs, and a bedstead, completed the furniture, and I am afraid to say how many children there were scattered in all directions, and in various stages of dirt.

"Will you accept of a tract, ma'am?" I asked, of a woman who see-sawed in a broken rocking-chair, with a baby in her arms, and her hair all down her back, and who must have uttered the "come in!" "Will you accept the tract, ma'am?"

"La, to be sure?" replied the lady; "come in. You're one of them Sunday school young ladies, I reckon. Sal, sot a chair or two. Not that one, you nasty little creeter, there's molasses into that. Sot down, do. I'm all hugger-mugger this mornin'. You see *he* had one of his tantrums last night."

"The baby you mean?"

"La, no! my man. They went and paid him for a job, and he went and got tight, and I don't believe we've got a whole tea-cup in the closet today. He always smashes things when he's tight."

"It must be very expensive," said Bertha Budd.

"Well, it is, miss," said the woman; "but men gets in such passions they don't know what they are doin'. Why, if you could see my legs, you'd screech. They're black and blue. If this child wasn't such a bother, I'd turn down my stockings and show you."

"What is the matter with them?" asked Bertha.

"Kicks, miss. Bless your stars, you're a girl yet, and don't know what husbands is!"

"They don't *all* abuse their wives," I ventured.

"O, but beggin' your pardon, they *do*!" replied the woman. "There is nineteen ladies besides myself in the house, and there ain't one of them ladies that isn't walloped now and then, except Mrs. Riley—she's a bride, and Riley only pinches her—but she'll have to take it, like the rest of us, before long. Honeymoons don't last forever."

"How awful!" ejaculated Bertha.

"Ah! young ladies don't know nothin' about it," replied the woman. "It's like pigs and a pail of hot swill; one pig sticks his nose in and runs off scalded, and the rest just see him git scalded and stick theirn in too. Gals is all sot on bein' married. I was myself. John, don't wipe your nose on that lady's beautiful blue silk! Where's your manners?"

I arose in fear and trembling.

"We have so many places to go to," I said, "I cannot stay any longer. You'll read the tract?"

"O, yes, I'll read it. I'm extremely fond of reading, especially anything improving. But *he'd* blow me up if he caught me at it. He hasn't no understanding of sich things. Men generally hasn't."

"And you'll go to church sometimes, won't you?" I asked.

"Well, if I can ever raise a bonnet, mebbe I will," replied the woman. I used to go reg'lar when I was a gal, but married life is sich a bother."

"And you'll persuade your husband to come, too?"

"La! you'd not want him. He's always stayin' drunk on Sundays. Men generally is, you know."

Bertha stared in astonishment, and we departed.

At the next door in the hall a man poked out a head of red, uncombed hair, and, after glaring at us spitefully, banged the door in our faces. The next one was not opened, but a slovenly woman looked over the banisters and said:

"Mrs. Grady is out. Her baby is in there, tied into a rocking-chair, and the way it cries is enough to break your heart. She's a pious body, and mebbe will be glad of one of them. It seems to do her good to read them things."

I put one under the door and offered one to our informant. She took it listlessly, and put it in her pocket. From the woe-begone look of her face, and the blue bruise on her forehead, I should think that she was one of the nineteen ladies that were in the habit of being "walloped" by their spouses.

Another flight of stairs dustier than the last were climbed, and we knocked at another door. A man opened it—a little fellow, with crooked legs, and weak, colorless eyes, when I said, according to the usual formula,

"Will you accept a tract?"

He stepped back, and looked at me in a puzzled sort of way, and then took what I offered him.

"You mean it kind," he said; "I know you mean it kind. You must excuse me if I seemed sort of short. But look there and see what trouble I've had."

He opened the door, and I saw that the shabby room was cleaned and darkened, and that something covered with a white sheet lay upon the bed.

"Won't you look at her?" he said. "She's very natural."

And I entered, though Bertha began to cry, and retreated to the entry. It was a young woman. I think she must have been pretty, and her face had a peaceful look upon it. The man turned down the sheet a little farther, and I saw that a young baby lay on its mother's bosom.

"She was my wife," he said, "and she died because I could not give her enough to eat. She had a good home in England when she married me and came to America. I was going to make my fortune, but tailors are plenty, and I was one too many. The doctor says that stitching on them clothes so hard and so fast, and want of proper victuals, killed her, and it died.

He burst into tears as he spoke, and seeming to forget us, went down on his knees beside the bed. I am glad to think that I left something more than the tracts on the little stand beside the window. It was not much, but perhaps it kept him from work one day, while his heart was full. It is terrible to have no time even for grief.

Up stairs we went again to the next floor, and there we knocked once more. Scarcely had my knuckles left the door when it flew wide open, and a man came out and stared at us. He was a rough, bearded fellow, dressed in wretched garments, and I was half afraid of him; but I tried to speak as pleasantly as I could when I said,

"Will you accept a tract?"

"A what?" roared the man.

"A tract, sir," I answered.

"What do I want o' trax?" roared the man. "Now, ef you'd brought me a leg of mutton, or a ham, I'd hev' said thank ye. If 'twas something to drink I'd hev' given ye welcome; but trax! pheu!"

I turned to go away, but, upon my word, the wretch caught me about the waist and held me tight.

"Since you hev' come to see me, you've got to stay," he said. "Such pretty girls don't come here every day."

Bertha came to my rescue bravely, exclaiming:

"Let her alone. You great rough monster, let that young lady alone!"

"Wheu!" whistled the wretch. "Why I can hold both of you with one hand," and before Bertha could get out of his reach, she also was a prisoner. "And now," said the man triumphantly, "ye must both kiss me before ye go. You ought to be perlite when you call upon a feller."

I set up a scream, and Bertha joined in, and we both beat him with our parasols, but it was all of no use. He insisted upon the kiss. What we should have done I do not know, but just then steps were heard upon the stairs, and I called aloud:

"O, somebody, somebody, please help us!" and in a moment a tall figure in a uniform stood before us, and I recognized, to my astonishment, my friend, Lieut. Rose. In an instant the man staggered to the end of the entry and cowered there, cursing dreadfully, and the next moment we found ourselves escorted down stairs by the young officer.

In a little while we told him how we came to be in such a position, and he listened with a grave face.

"You should never have undertaken such a thing," he said. "Those houses are full of people with whom it is almost dangerous to come in contact. Besides, at present there are three cases of small-pox under the roof. One of my men, who was discharged some time ago on account of the loss of a limb, lies very low with it. My visit was to him. He is a good fellow, and, I fear, wretchedly poor. Why, Miss Clover, another flight of stairs would have brought you into the midst of the sufferers."

Was I mistaken, or did he look at me as though my danger frightened him? Had he thought as much of that long-forgotten picnic as I had?

"But I have promised to deliver the whole five hundred tracts," I said, "and I must do it."

"But you must not risk your life," he answered. "Give them to me. Many of my men will be thankful for them. I will distribute them where I know they will be welcome. Will you?"

"Of course," replied Bertha. "If the poor dear soldiers would be pleased, I know Kitty would be."

"It is not exactly what mother wanted," I said, "but I'll do it."

And so, to cut a long story short, Lieutenant Rose became colporteur in my stead, and the tracts went to the soldiers.

He is off again for the seat of war. And I don't know how it happened, but I gave him my carte de visite, and he gave he his; and he asked permission to write to me; and I dream of him every night; and nobody, not even mother, knows one word about it.—*Sunday Times.*

## NERVOUS WOMEN.

A writer for *Life Illustrated* recently furnished that paper with a short article entitled "Nervous Women," which was copied first by the *Dispatch*, and since by many other papers. The author has chosen for her model the generally coarse and occasionally original "Fanny Fern." But whilst she (we are happy to say) does not equal Fanny in coarseness, neither, we regret to add, does she approach her in originality. Indeed, her sketch has neither piquancy nor force, and is only worthy of comment from being a faint echo of the many loud cries constantly being made by people of more sound than sense, who strong themselves in physical health, and devoid of sensibility, believe all of delicate nerves and impulsive temperaments subjects for ridicule or distrust.

The writer of the article alluded to, no doubt congratulated herself heartily that her nerves are not easily irritated nor her sensibilities readily wounded. She implores and beseeches her readers not to make themselves disagreeable and troublesome by the possession of such things as nerves. A good constitution, firm nerves, and a complete self-control, add largely to one's comfort, and are gifts to be most grateful for, but are not such as to entitle their possessor to regard with contempt others of a more delicate and sensitive organization. It is noticed that persons of a quick intelligence, acute perceptions, and refined tastes, are those among whom nervous disorders mostly abound. Women of earnest and self-sacrificing natures, strong affections, and small self-esteem, are generally nervous women; and those, too, are they whom neither fatigue, cold, nor hunger can intimidate when engaged in a work of mercy, and to whom pestilence and death bring no terror when encountered for an object beloved. Show me a woman who prides herself upon her strong nerves and great self-possession, and I will show one utterly incapable of womanly thoughtfulness or womanly feeling.

A very celebrated surgeon was once heard to remark, "I have performed many hundreds of operations, but never could anticipate one without a shudder, and could never look upon a wound without horror; and nothing is more abhorrent to me in a sick room as a woman, unless, indeed, she be a professed nurse, who can witness the one unmoved or bind up the other without emotion. I never would, if avoidable, entrust a patient to a nurse who boasted upon being a stranger to nerves." And he was quite right, too. A sudden glare, a cold draught, a disagreeable whispering, a creaky step, does not inconvenience persons of strong nerves, who regard weak ones as affectations or hypocrisies. It is only the nervous woman that feels the pain of the sudden glare, the chill of the cold draught, the agony of the hissing whisper and creaking shoes. These things are to her real, tangible causes of suffering, and are very carefully guarded against for her patient. It is true, she may not be so skilful in administering medicines, or so expert in dressing wounds, or so strong in lifting, as a calmer and less impulsive, less loving person would be; but oh! she is infinitely more tender in soothing and alleviating. Every sick man knows how much less nauseous the bitter dose becomes when administered by the gentle hands of those who love him, though tremulous with anxiety and hope, than when offered by the most practical and experienced man that ever adorned a quarantine or hospital. Composed, self-possessed, reliable, such may be, but they lack the tenderness so welcome to the sick and despondent—they are proverbially hard. Skill comes both from strong nerves and from strong affections too, but that which comes from the affection is best.

A cousin of Florence Nightingale, lately on a visit to this country, remarked in the hearing of the writer that to none did the determination of that lady to devote her life to the care of the suffering and wounded, bring more surprise than to her family, knowing, as they did, that she was an extremely nervous woman. Nervous she was, and weak in form; but a strong sense of sympathy with suffering took possession of her, and her grand heart urged her to the work; and her energy, her tirelessness, and her great humanity, have become a theme for homage and gratitude the world over.

Hundreds of women might be named who, physically weak, with nerves all unstrung and frames all powerless, inspired by affection, have taken upon themselves new duties, encountered dangers and fatigues almost incredible, to succor or sustain those in distress. Few persons there are who cannot number among their own friends some warm heart who has battled against want, suffering, perhaps shame, with a vigor and courage that might be called wonderful among strong men.

Not long since, the writer was told of a lady whose left side had for many months been rendered nearly useless by neuralgia, who, when her dwelling took fire, and she was being carried out by her neighbors, suddenly recollected that in the cellar there was deposited a quantity of powder, which, if it should explode, would probably cause loss of life, and certainly great loss of property. Immediately she requested to be set on her feet. This being done, she turned at once into the burning building without saying a word to any one, and soon appeared clasping in her arms a keg, which she bore to a stream near, and cast it in, thus averting a great calamity. Strong-nerved people will say she was an imposter that her illness was an affectation. Oh, good friends, equally without heart and without nerves, you could never understand this illness or this cure.

The daughter of a Senator from a neighboring State, delicately reared, and of a frail, nervous organization, married a poor professional man, who, after an effort of several years, despairing of making a comfortable living at home, resolved upon emigrating West, where he possessed a large tract of land. He accordingly started, built himself a house, or rather a cabin, and returned for his wife, who gave up cheerfully all the comforts of a refined society and a tasteful and pleasant home, to become the companion of bears and Indians. The nearest village was seven miles from them, and the family consisted only of her husband, herself, an infant, and a little colored girl, brought by them from her native State. Her husband, during the first year or two of their sojourn, was obliged to make frequent journeys from home; and during one of those absences she was awakened after midnight by a noise from her babe, which seemed like that of strangulation. She hastily picked it up, took it to the fire, and saw that it was apparently choking to death. She had never witnessed a case of the croup; but the little black girl, who remembered at home seeing her own little brothers have it, at once pronounced it to be that disease. The lady had not provided any remedy in view of this complaint, so prevalent among children, and could only heat some warm water for a bath, as directed by her little handmaiden. The child grew worse. Half wild with terror lest it should die for want of medical aid, she madly asked herself what could be done? Her husband had taken their only horse—she had no one to send after a physician—she must go herself. Hastily and warmly wrapping up her little one, she started upon her sad and fearful journey. The season was October; the night cold, though not dark; and alone, listening but to the struggling breath of her infant, and fearing only lest the aid she sought might be found too late, she hurried through forest and over strange roads, and reached the hamlet in time to save her darling. A more self-possessed and less impulsive woman would have been likely to have reasoned upon the propriety of the journey, the possibility that the child would die on the road, the probability that the doctor might be from home, or that people might pronounce her crazy; but the woman of heart and impulse, though in ordinary times timid, nervous and weak, could, strengthened by her affection, become utterly indifferent or oblivious to the perils that beset a journey through a gloomy wilderness and an unknown country.

We knew personally a lady in Delaware, whose father was Sheriff of the county in which he resided. His dwelling was attached to the jail. On one occasion, a man, who had been committed for horse stealing, set fire to the prison, calculating that the doors of his cell would be opened, and in the confusion he might escape. The flames spread rapidly. They reached the Sheriff's apartments, and the inmates had barely time to escape themselves, without thinking of the prisoners. All at once it was discovered that the keys were in the burning building, and that the prisoners could not be released without them, when Miss Celia R—— resolutely made her way through the smoke and flames, found the keys, and set free all who were in danger.

Many years afterwards, the same lady was on a visit to her brother, when his house was set on fire by a servant girl. It was night when the alarm was given. She was up reading, and instantly flew to the room where the children slept, to see that all was safe there. She found the smoke bursting forth, but felt her way to the bed of the little ones. She found one child on the floor half suffocated, and bore him to a place of safety, and returned for the other. This, too, she carried out, unmindful of the fierce blaze raging around her. Once again she started back to rescue a little black boy who she believed was sleeping alone. This time, overcome by the heat, she fell with her face to the floor, and when aid came was quite insensible. Both the children died, and her life for a time was despaired of; but she still lives, bearing upon her face and arms traces of danger bravely encountered, and suffering patiently borne—most precious and honorable mementoes of courage, devotion and self-sacrifice.

This lady was, and is, of a most excitable and nervous temperament. The sound of a door swinging on its hinges would be to her a source of insufferable annoyance, and the long-continued tapping of a foot on the floor would cause not only an imploring look, but extort a cry of annoyance probably.

Another circumstance came under the writer's notice some time back. Two or three maiden sisters, noted, not for strength of nerves, but for their many acts of kindness, benevolence and charity, drew upon themselves the fury of a mob by offering succor to a hunted and suffering fellow-creature who had incurred its displeasure.

A black man was passing their residence, dressed in his Sunday best, evidently well pleased with himself, when some boys began to jeer and throw mud and dirt at him. He bore it patiently at first, begging and remonstrating only. Finally he became irritated, and gave one of his tormentors a shove into the gutter. It was in a slave State, and—horror of horrors!—a "nigger" had laid his hand in anger on a white boy! Immediately the whole crowd rushed into the street and commenced pelting him with bricks, stones, &c., which were lying there for building purposes. His head was desperately cut, and he had received a bad blow on the chest, when, in the fury of the moment, he drew a pistol (which, however, turned out not to have a ball in it) and fired it at those who were pressing upon him. It was towards the close of our national holiday, and the street was full of drunken freemen who had been celebrating the glorious Fourth. From all these came up the cry of "Kill him! kill the ——nigger!" Suddenly the windows of the house of the ladies above mentioned were closed; as suddenly the door opened—the hunted and wounded man bounded to the offered refuge—the door was locked and bolted, and for a moment he was safe. But the house had another entrance upon a back street, and in a few seconds every avenue to it was crowded with delirous and drunken men, wild with excitement and mad for mischief. They levelled the fence, made way to the house, forced an entrance, and thronged it from garret to cellar. Threats the most violent were made. Cries of "Fire the house!" "Smoke him out!" etc., were heard; and yet these ladies, timid and weak, without any one to look to for protection from the rudeness and fury of the mob, remained calm and quiet, as though for them nerves had no existence. The victim had escaped, and this thought sustained them until efficient assistance arrived.

We were once introduced to a lady, who, like all we have mentioned, was a nervous woman, and whose face wore an expression, half of fear, half of terror, very difficult to describe. A sudden death in her family, and some sad pecuniary trials, had given her system in early life a shock, from which she seemed never to have recovered. Her life had been a troubled one. Her only surviving son had left his home and enlisted as a common soldier, and for years she could learn nothing of his whereabouts. At the time we first saw her, news of his death had just reached her, and she had the most hopeless and despairing look we ever beheld upon human countenance. The report shortly afterwards was found to be untrue. Her son was alive, and coming home. He came at last—a handsome and elegant man. Always affectionate and loving to his mother, his joy at being with her again almost exceeded her own great happiness in welcoming him. Alas! but a few days elapsed before he was forced from her side to answer to the dreadful charge of murder, said to have been committed by him in a distant city. The terror and agony that at first seized upon her would, it was thought, terminate her life. Not so. With but a few hours delay she followed him hundreds of miles, neither stopping for rest nor refreshment by the way, and joined him in his prison.

She staid day and night with him, sharing his coarse fare, cheering, consoling, advising. When the trial came on, she sat beside him in Court, listening eagerly to the evidence, making notes of discrepancy on the part of witnesses, making suggestions to his counsel, and whispering encouragingly to him. When at last the verdict of "Guilty of murder in the first degree" was rendered, instead of folding her hands in despair, she went vigorously to work to procure a pardon; she visited all persons of station and influence she could hear of, and besought their influence and offices in behalf of her son. The Governor's wife and daughter wept with her and entreated for her. Everywhere she spread petitions, and thousands of names rewarded her exertions. But, all! all without avail. The Governor felt that the evidence did not admit of a doubt, and told her, with much emotion, that her boy must die the death of the murderer. To the last moment she remained with him, steadfastly believing in his innocence, and hushing her own great anguish in hope of sustaining him. She rode with him to the scaffold, his hand clasped in hers; stood beside him when the drop fell, and until all was over; received his body, and with her own hands adjusted it and clad it for the grave; accompanied it (never leaving it a moment) over a thousand miles to lay it in the family vault beside her beloved and honored dead.

Instances innumerable might be adduced to show that women of a sensitive and nervous disposition are really, when occasion calls for it, more heroic and daring, more efficient and tender more long-suffering and faithful, than those who pride themselves on their strong nerves and strong minds, and look upon all softness and tenderness as a weakness, and thank God that they are not as other women are.

## HONORABLE EMPLOYMENT.

Let the young man remember there is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well being of the race. It is the spirit that is carried into any employment that elevates it or degrades it. The plowman that turns the clod may be a Cincinnatus or Washington, or he may be brother to the clod he turns. There is no glory in the act of affixing a signature by which the treasures of commerce are transferred, or treaties between nations are ratified; the glory consists in the rectitude of purpose that approves the one, and the grandeur of the philanthropy that sanctifies the other.

☞ Rather unexpected was the reply of the urchin, who, on being arraigned for playing marbles on Sunday, and sternly asked, "Do you know where those little boys go who play marbles on Sunday?" replied, innocently, "Yes; some on 'em goes to the common, and some on 'em goes down by the side of the river!"

## BOMBARDING A BALLOON.

The "professor" aroused me at three o'clock, when I found the canvas straining its bonds and emitting a hollow sound as of escaping gas. The basket was made fast directly, the telescopes tossed into place; the professor climbed to the side, holding by the network, and I coiled up in a rope at the bottom.

"Stand by your cables!" he said, and the bags of ballast were at once cut away. Twelve men took each a rope in hand and payed out slowly, letting us glide gently upward. The earth seemed to be falling away and we poised motionless in the blue ether. The tree-tops sank downward, the hills dropped noiselessly through space, and directly the Chickahominy was visible beyond us, winding like a ribbon of silver through the ridgy landscape.

Far and wide stretched the Federal camps. We saw faces turned upwards gazing at our ascent, and heard clearly, as in a vacuum, the voices of soldiers. At every second, the prospect widened, the belt of horizon enlarged, remote farmhouses came in view: the earth was like a perfectly flat surface, painted with blue woods, and streaked with pictures of roads, fields, fences and streams. As we climbed higher the river seemed directly beneath us, the farms on the opposite bank were plainly discernible, and Richmond lay only a little way off, enthroned on its many hills, with the James stretching white and sinuous from its feet to the horizon. We could see the streets, the suburbs, the bridges, the outlaying roads, nay, the moving masses of people. The capitol sat white and colossal on Stockhoe Hill, the dingy buildings of the Tredegar works blackened the riverside above, the hovels of Rockets clustered at the hither limits, and one by one we made out familiar hotels, public edifices and vicinities. The fortifications were revealed in part only, for they took the hue of the soil and blended with it; but many camps were plainly discernible, and by means of the glasses we separated tent from tent and hut from hut. The Confederates were seen running to the cover of woods that we might not discover their number, but we know the location of their camp-fires by the smoke that curled towards us.

"Guess I got 'em now, jest where I want 'em," said Professor Lowe, with a laugh, "jest keep still as you mind to, and squint your eye through my glass, while I make a sketch of the roads and the country. Hold hard there and anchor fast!" he screamed to the people below. Then he fell imperturbably to work, sweeping the country with his hawk eye, and escaping nothing that could contribute to the completeness of his jotting.

We had been but a few minutes thus poised, when close below, from the edge of a timber stretch, puffed a volume of white smoke. A second afterward the air quivered with the peal of a cannon. A third, and we heard a splitting shriek of a shell that passed a little to our left, but in exact range and burst beyond us in the ploughed field, heaving up the clay as it exploded.

"Ha," said Lowe, "they have got us foul. Haul in the cable—quick!" he shouted in a fierce tone.

At the same instant the puff, the report and the shriek were repeated; but this time the shell burst to our right in mid-air and scattered fragments around and below us.

"Another shot will do our business," said Lowe between his teeth; "it isn't a mile and they have got the range."

Again the puff and the whizzing shock. I closed my eyes and held my breath hard. The explosion was so close, that the pieces of shell seemed driven across my face, and my ears quivered with the sound. I looked at Lowe to see if he was struck. He had sprung to his feet and clutched the cordage frantically.

"Are you pulling in there, ye men?" he bellowed, with a loud imprecation.

Puff! bang! whiz-z-z! splutter! broke a third shell, and my heart was wedged in my throat.

I saw at a glance the whole bright landscape again. I heard the voices of soldiers below, and saw them running across fields, fences and ditches to reach our anchorage. I saw the waving of signal flags, the commotion through the camps—officers galloping their horses, teamsters whipping their mules, regiments turning out, drums beaten and batteries limbered up, I remarked, last of all, the sight of the battery that alarmed us, and by a strange sharpness of sight and sense, believed I saw the gunners swabbing, ramming, and aiming the pieces.

Puff! bang! whiz-z-z! splutter! crash!

"My God!" said Lowe, hissing the words slowly and terribly, "they have opened upon us from another battery!"

The scene seemed to dissolve. A cold dew broke from my forehead. I grew blind and deaf. I had fainted.

* * * * * * * *

"Pitch some water in his face," said somebody. "He ain't used to it. Hellos! there he's come to."

I staggered to my feet. There must have been a thousand men about us. They were looking curiously at the aeronaut and me. The balloon lay fuming and struggling on the clods.

"Three cheers for the Union balloon!" called a little fellow at my side.

"Hip, hip—hoorooar! hoorooar! hoorooar!"

"Tiger-r-r—yah! hoop!"

* * * * * * * *

The balloons were prominent features of the two terrible months ensuing, and during the battles of Hanover, Seven Pines, and the bloody sixty days' struggle before Richmond, they were invariably afloat. Lowe seldom made ascensions on windy days, but in the dead June calm of that almost tropical climate he had opportunities for sun and frequent reconnoissances. Mr. Phox of the Popinjay, one day transcended his powers by publishing a minute description of the Federal position as seen from this exalted point, and the commanding general forbade the balloon to correspondents there-after. So we were obliged to receive the news from the lips of the "professor," and Phox, having no more imagination than old Joe Willett, fell sadly short in his reports. Some of us were not so dismayed, and the correspondent of the *Howitzer*, having a fertile fancy professed to have looked into the Gulf of Mexico, and solved the mystery of the whereabouts of Beauregard.—*St. James' Magazine.*


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Foxcroft, July 21, 1862. 32tf

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in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

June 22, 1863. 29* JANE ROBBINS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have been duly appointed Executors of the last will and testament of ELISHA KENT, late of READFIELD,

in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and have undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

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